THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. L. No. 1282 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1955 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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The Very White Paper

THERE now seems some real danger that the British public, which has so far resisted the McCarthyite virus, may be stampeded by the ineptitude of the official handling of the Burgess and Maclean story. This need not happen if the Government now deals with the situation with frankness and intelligence. The White Paper reveals nothing except incompetence. It is crammed with inconsistencies and crudely evades the crucial questions. By way of defence it suggests that our Secret Service was so zealous for our civil liberties that it did not, even when it was at last hot on the trail of Maclean, think it proper to keep any watch over his home in Kent or to search his house at a domestically inconvenient time, or even to find out whether he was planning to go abroad. The Foreign Office is perfectly right in saying that there is no power in this country to arrest people without evidence or to prevent them travelling. But does it seriously suggest that, short of a Police State, our intelligence service is condemned to this futility?

No wonder that the newspapers should have had a field day of damaging speculation. Burgess was dismissed from Washington because he was frequently drunk whilst speeding in his car: the White Paper adds that he was careless with secret documents. The version of Maclean's "breakdown" in Cairo usually accepted is that he was sent home because, during a wild night of drunkenness, he and his friends called upon an employee of the American Embassy, insulted her and smashed up her room. Is it any wonder that the press should ask whether the surprising complacency shown by the Foreign Office to diplomats who were capable of such undiplomatic conduct had something to do with their old school ties; or, alternatively, whether they had highly placed protectors in the Foreign Office, perhaps in the Secret Service itself?

One newspaper suggests that the evil is rooted in the tolerance of homosexuality within the Foreign Office. Burgess was a homosexual and Maclean also had homosexual periods, although he was the father of a family and apparently an affectionate husband. The danger of witch-hunting here becomes only too obvious. One of McCarthy's peculiar feats was to clean the State Department of many able and reliable servants, as well as many who were neither, on the plea of purging perverts.

Another newspaper raises the interesting question why the Soviet Union, departing from the usual practice of States in dealing with agents who have been uncovered, welcomed them in Moscow. The suggestion is that the Kremlin arranged for their getaway because their interrogation would have led to the discovery of a master spy in the Foreign Office or British counter-intelligence service. There is no reason to accept any such explanation though it is plausible enough. The truth may be that the Russians knew that Burgess and Maclean could be useful to them in Moscow, and that the recent improvements in the approach and the wording of Soviet communiqués have been due in part to the advice of Burgess and Maclean.

The Burgess and Maclean story is not a seven days' wonder. The ludicrous story in *U.S. News and World Report* that Maclean was responsible for the Chinese intervention in Korea is an example of what we may expect from hostile American commentators. Nor will interest quickly peter out in England. When Parliament meets, Mr. Macmillan and other Ministers will be subjected to a formidable barrage of criticism. This country must avoid the type of panic action which is designed to satisfy ignorance and which would do immense harm to our institutions—without increasing security. If the public is to be assured against a repetition of such incidents, the Government should now set up an investigating committee of publicly trusted persons to inquire into the personnel, organisation and methods of work of the official world which was responsible for the Burgess and Maclean scandal.

Comments on the Week's News

The Bulganin Letter

Marshal Bulganin's letter to President Eisenhower on disarmament, which was published last week-end, is not only a formidable essay in diplomacy—it is also a serious contribution to the problem. It contains, first, a reminder that the West has failed to accept so far the basic points of the Soviet May 10 plan—although this was based largely on previous Western proposals—and, secondly, a closely reasoned *critique* of the Eisenhower air-inspection plan. The Soviet Union, it says, "has no objection in principle to the plan," but considers it defective on two points: it includes only the U.S.S.R. and the U.S., thereby ignoring allies and overseas bases; and it is merely a control system, which sidesteps the central problem of reduction of armaments. Thus "it would be a relevant contribution only if agreement can also be reached on the reduction of arms and on measures for the banning of atomic weapons." Some of these criticisms have already been voiced by Britain and France, and last Friday Mr. Stassen answered one of them by explaining that the Eisenhower plan would, of course, be extended to allies and satellites. But on the second point disagreement is much wider. Indeed, the Russian letter highlights what has always been the fundamental difference between the two camps: the West is primarily concerned with control, the East with reduction. These conflicting attitudes, however, are not mutually exclusive, and the Russian letter specifically states that "our objections need not mean that we are unable to reach agreement on all essential aspects of the disarmament problem." The letter's conciliatory tone does not conceal the fact that the Russian position has not basically changed—notably on the crucial question of nuclear control; and Mr. Molotov has hinted, in private conversation in New York, that he expects little progress on such technical points in the near future. Nevertheless, it is a clear and helpful restatement of the issues, and indicates that the Russians are at least prepared to debate them within the same system of logic.

Rents and Housing Subsidies

On Monday, Mr. Sandys, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, will meet representatives of local authority associations to discuss housing subsidies. The main subject on the agenda will be the problem of "uneconomic rents," and Mr. Sandys has already hinted at what is in his mind—and, no doubt, the Chancellor's—in a speech at Harrogate last week. "The justification of subsidies is need," he said. "The farther we drift away from the basis of need, the more unsound, unjust and anomalous our housing finance will become." The cure which he urged on local authorities was the adoption of differential rent schemes; and he implied that the Government may also reduce the national subsidy. This speech raises serious issues. Since 1945, housing policy has been based on the principle that one-tenth of average earnings in industry is a suitable rent for new council houses. This by no means constitutes an economic rent, and subsidies, both on a national and a local level, have had to be increased periodically to meet rising building costs. The recent increase in interest rates on local authority loans means that authorities will once more be obliged to look around for fresh funds; and Mr. Sandys has made it clear that these will not be provided by the Government. Do "differential rents" offer part of the solution? A number of councils of both political colours have been experimenting with them; and there are theoretical arguments in favour of some such system. Nevertheless, they have invariably proved unpopular with the electorate—as Tuesday's disturbances in Ilford show—and it is obvious that they are liable to lead to a good deal of friction and ill-will both between council and tenant, and between neighbours. The basic decision which Socialists must face before they can evaluate the merits of differential rent schemes is whether Housing ought to be run as a public service, like Health, Water and Roads; or whether the Government is right in seeking to return to "sound" housing finance—i.e., economic rents and "relief" in the case of proved need. It is worth reminding those who favour the latter course that, once that need becomes the basis of public housing finance, the way is open for a frontal attack on the rent restriction acts. How long can local authorities charge economic rents while rents of privately owned houses are tied down to an artificial level? At present the Labour Party is sharply divided over differential rents; but the division may well disappear when it is realised that, once they were accepted on a nation-wide scale, the whole principle of rent control would be undermined.

The Tragedy in Cyprus

Having burnt its political boats in Cyprus and made terrorism inevitable, the Government is now clearing the decks for action. The wretched civilian governor, Sir Robert Armitage, has been hastily bundled off to Nyasaland; the Colonial Secretary has been removed on the grounds that his post is now "unnecessary"; and Cyprus is to be handed over to the tender mercies of a military "strong-man," Sir John Harding. And, to drive home the point, the Government has dispatched yet another battalion of troops; while the Greek Foreign Minister has declared that the changes amount to a "formal declaration of war on the people of Cyprus." For some time it has been obvious that the Government, having opted for a "military solution" in Cyprus, would have to appoint a military man to administer it; but the haste with which the change was made seems to have been due to the pressure of the settlers, panicked by last week's riots. There is thus a miserable parallel between the situations in Cyprus and Morocco. In Morocco, as in Cyprus, a colonial government drove itself into a political blind alley by refusing even to discuss the basic demands of its inhabitants; there also civilian administration became impossible, and the settlers' lobby demanded—and got—the head of the civilian governor; there also Government policy resolved itself, in the last resort, into a simple trial of strength. Does the Government really want the tragedy of Morocco to be repeated on the smaller stage of Cyprus?

The Egyptian Arms Agreement

The news of the Egyptian arms agreement with the U.S.S.R. raises one of the most complex problems of Middle East politics. The Anglo-American desire to avoid an "arms race" between Egypt and Israel is of paramount importance, and would fully justify a total embargo—on both sides of the frontier. But this desire has not been translated into policy. Western arms are available to the Arabs for "internal security and defence"; and this has often seemed a polite way of saying "available to the puppet Government of Iraq to enable it to suppress internal change, and use its territory as an outpost of the anti-Soviet alliance". Meanwhile, Egypt is offered arms by the U.S., provided the supply of arms is accompanied by a mutual security pact—a condition which Egypt regards as infringing her newly won freedom, and conflicting with an independent foreign policy. British firms have been repeatedly forced by Government policy during the last few years to break their contracts with Egypt, and they are, in any case, allowed to supply only obsolescent equipment. The Egyptians are thus tempted to look elsewhere and the Russians see a chance of embarrassing Western strategy in the Middle East. If the Western Ministers are naturally upset at the possibility of having now to seek Soviet co-operation in an area from which Soviet influence has hitherto been largely excluded, they may reflect that the price of such co-operation will be all the higher so long as British policy seems to everybody in the Middle East to be designed to bolster up the most feudal and reactionary forces in the Arab world.

Oil in Israel

To devout Jews celebrating *Rosh Hashonah* the New Year gift of a gusher of oil in Israel must have seemed as God-sent as the water that gushed from Moses' rock. But this was no miracle. For six years, ever since the formation of the State of Israel, geologists have been searching the Coastal Lands and the Negev for oil. Mobile oil-drills and seismographic teams have been making surveys, but the present well was an old drilling of the Iraq Petroleum Company. The sinking had reached about 3,000 feet when I.P.C. abandoned it. The Israelis have now struck oil at 4,900 feet. The site is in the Halatz Settlement, only about seven miles from the restless Gaza border. Samples of the oil, examined at the Weizmann Institute, show a high quality, certainly above world average. The possible reserves cannot yet be estimated. Whatever the extent of the oil-field, the discovery is a tremendous fillip to the Israeli morale and to its economy, struggling with the burden of importing, for all its domestic and industrial and transport purposes, oil from Venezuela, or, under recent agreement, from the U.S.S.R.

New Miners' Charter

The Miners' new four-point Charter for presentation to the National Coal Board is based on the decisions of the N.U.M.'s Rothesay Conference of July, but omits the demand then made for an all-round wage-advance of 2s. 6d. a shift. This does not mean that the wage-claim has been dropped: only that the Mineworkers' Executive does not propose to ask for everything at once. The four claims to which priority is being given are, first, for payment of wages during sickness; secondly, for a forty-hour week for underground workers, including meal times on the surface—which would mean a return to the seven-hour day done away with after the defeat of 1926; thirdly, for the consolidation of the "bonus shift," now paid to those who work five shifts in the week, into the regular shift rates—involving a 20 per cent. increase in these rates; and fourthly for an extra week of paid holidays in the year—making three in all. The N.U.M. does not demand that all these concessions be made at once in full; but it does require an assurance that they are conceded in principle and will be applied as soon

as possible. Negotiations on the Charter are likely to go on side by side with the discussions now beginning, at the N.U.M.'s request, of the causes for the recent fall in output—a counter, this, to the Board's rejected proposal to employ Italian and Austrian recruits. With the number of mineworkers again falling after the small net advance during the first quarter of this year, something has to be done to make the industry more attractive. The demand for a return to the seven-hour shift is reasonable in itself; but the N.C.B. can hardly concede it unless they can get some assurance of more regular work and fuller co-operation in applying improved methods in the more recalcitrant coalfields—especially Yorkshire, Scotland and South Wales.

Advice to Exporters

Last month the Treasury's *Bulletin for Industry* devoted its attention to the problem of rising labour and management costs in the various branches of production. This month it has turned to the question of export trade, apparently for the purpose of encouraging firms to pay more attention to West European markets as compared with those of the sterling area. The *Bulletin's* main point is that over the past two or three years trade between the advanced manufacturing countries has been growing much faster than trade between these countries on the one hand and the primary producing countries on the other; and that Germany has been getting the lion's share of this increase. From 1952 to 1954 Western Germany's exports of manufactures to other countries of Western Europe rose by nearly $580 million, whereas British exports to Western Europe rose by only $170 million. These were both much bigger increases than occurred in trade with the rest of the world. In fact, what has been occurring is a very rapid recovery of trade in western continental Europe as a whole, and above all in Germany, accompanied in 1954 by a sagging of the American market and of American exports. Simultaneously, demand from the primary producing countries, including the under-developed, has been either falling or advancing much less fast. No doubt, British exporters have to follow the market; but there is a special responsibility on Britain not to starve the more backward countries of the equipment needed to raise their productive power.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Red Castles to Mate?

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: There were two dramatic incidents on the last day of Adenauer's negotiations in Moscow. One took place within the West German delegation. The Foreign Minister, Von Brentano, and his permanent officials stood out to the last against Adenauer's decision to accept diplomatic relations. Von Brentano, at one point, threatened to resign, and although, in the end, he also must have been overborne, he never actually agreed. The other incident occurred when Herr Blankenhorn, the West German Nato representative, was sent to the U.S. Embassy to tell Charles Bohlen of the West German decision. There was a scene. Bohlen was beside himself with surprise and anger. He said, in effect, that if the West Germans now accepted a deal, bargaining "diplomatic relations against prisoners," after having told the Western Powers week after week that they would not do so, what guarantee was there that they would not, one day, accept a deal, bargaining "reunification against neutralisation"—despite their present assurances to the West that they would never do such a thing?

The two exchanges did not prevent the Adenauer-Bulganin deal from going through, but it has had an effect on the sequel in Bonn. They have made Adenauer attempt to retreat from the obvious implications of his Moscow decision, partly to appease his followers, partly to appease his allies. In the Bundestag debate, following his return, he tried to prove that Moscow had changed nothing; West German policy would go on as before, only more so; as for any foreign Power recognising the existence of two German States, this would be considered an unfriendly act—except, apparently, in the case of the U.S.S.R.

The confusion in Bonn is partly genuine, partly disingenuous. The West Germans have certainly not clearly thought out the new situation, and many are instinctively aware that ambiguity has its advantages for them. If they could keep the Western Powers bound to strict support of their maximum demands—reunification only with the right for all Germany to enter Nato and no recognition of two German States, failing reunification—they could make any agreement between the West and Moscow and Germany impossible, and keep the gulf between the great Powers open. If, at the same time, they have their own wire to Moscow, they could hope, at a suitable opportunity, to make their own deal with Moscow at the expense of the West.

Does the new Soviet-East German Treaty exclude such a deal? One wonders. The East Germans are triumphant about it, and they have at once raised their price for any future intra-German agreement on reunification. It is no longer merely preservation of the social reforms in East Germany, but there must now be social reforms in West Germany too. But is East Germany's jubilation really justified by the facts? Clearly the Soviets are, at the moment, no more willing to sell East Germany down the river in return for a Soviet-German *entente*, than they are unwilling to woo or bribe West Germany at the expense of their attempt to make peace with the West. But, equally clearly, the new Soviet-East German Treaty reduces their responsibilities for East Germany almost to nil and frees their hands, if the present attempt at peace-making should fail. In that case, the Soviet Union and West Germany could now together, at the expense of both East Germany and the Western Powers, perform the same castling movement as in the summer of 1939. Both East Germany and the Western Powers are, more than ever before, at the mercy of possible future Soviet-West German moves, unless there is Four Power agreement, including agreement on the German question, now.

New York

Reflections on a Heart Attack

Our New York Correspondent writes: The present political confusion arises both from the obscure constitutional position following President Eisenhower's illness, and the doubts about the President's own medical prognosis. Nobody is certain of the exact legal procedures to be followed, should the President be disabled. As far as day-to-day governmental business is concerned, the White House staff, under the firm hand of the President's assistant, Sherman Adams, is thought to be fully capable of functioning independently. Mr. Eisenhower has always been a firm believer in staff work and has delegated much authority. Moreover, Vice-President Nixon, who has been presiding this week at meetings of the Cabinet and National Security Council, can for the time being take over some of the President's functions informally, without recourse to legal sanction. If, however, it becomes apparent that Mr. Eisenhower will be completely out of action for a long period, a ruling from the Department of Justice will be necessary.

Whatever the constitutional developments, the political realities are already turned upside down. It is generally assumed that the President will not now stand for re-election. This foreknowledge is bound to diminish the authority of the White House and add to the Administration's difficulties. Mr. Eisenhower has been the great unifier of the Republican Party, not only for his charming personality, but also because he has been considered hitherto a certainty for a second term. From now on, the factional struggle inside the Republican Party is expected to flare up once more. Under the leadership of Senator Knowland, the Right-wing will be encouraged to resume its bid for power, and the more relaxed international policy of recent months is likely to come under bitter attack. But the strength of the Eisenhower wing should not be overlooked. Taft men have been quietly replaced in the key State organisations, and many observers were impressed by the apparent liberality of the 48 Republican Chairmen at a recent Washington meeting.

Vice-President Nixon now has a great opportunity. He is thought to be avidly interested in power, and therefore to be unusually flexible over policy. So, although he has often been identified in the past with the Right of the party, he may well switch to a more moderate line, if he is convinced that trends in world affairs, and the consequent temper of American opinion would have it so. Moreover, Mr. Nixon has every incentive to bask in the reflected glory of his chief. Should the President die before his term is complete, Mr. Nixon would become President. In that case, he would be certain of the 1956 Republican nomination. His chances of securing nomination are probably less good if the President completes his term. In that event, the succession will be wide open. There are a number of objections to Mr. Nixon, not the least of which is the bitter memory Democrats cherish of what they call his "gutter tactics" in 1954. The Republicans are in a minority in the country, and can only win an election by attracting independent and some Democratic votes.

If the Republicans have their problems, Democratic prospects have also been upset by the probable removal of Mr. Eisenhower from next year's election. What looked like an almost impossible task for the Democrats has been transformed overnight. Democratic leaders believe that any Democrat can lick any Republican except Eisenhower. So naturally they are not going to let the nomination go by the board. Adlai Stevenson must still be considered the favourite, but he is going to run into some stiff competition—and not only from "favourite sons." Among the ranks of likely presidential contenders are Governor Harriman (anathema to the South), Senator Kefauver (out of favour with the party bosses), Governor Williams of Michigan (considered by some too pro-Labour), Governor Lausche of Ohio, Senator Russell of Georgia, and Governors Meyner, Leader and Muskie of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maine.

Cambodia

The Unfair Election

Our Correspondent in South East Asia writes: I spent ten days in Cambodia, including Election Day, part of which I spent in Phnom Penh, the capital, but most of which I travelled by car through the villages; and I came to the conclusion that while the elections may have been unfair they were not crooked. For example, voting, at least in the ten or so polling booths I visited in places a hundred and fifty miles apart, was secret. And Prince Phurissara, leader of the Democratic Party, when I went round to see him, told me he had no reasons to doubt that the ballot papers had been counted correctly. His point, and it was well taken, was why should ex-king Sihanouk need to intimidate at the polling booth? All the damage had been done before. About fifty workers for opposition parties, and half a dozen candidates, had been arrested during the elections. On the eve of the poll in Phnom Penh, a meeting being addressed by Professor Van Sak was broken up by the Democrats and there were shots after which Van Sak was arrested. Whatever the truth of the shooting—and it is most improbable that the liberal-minded Professor had anything to do with it—it did serve to frighten away Democrat votes on polling day; and much to everyone's surprise, ex-king Sihanouk's Sangkum Party won all 91 seats, even those in the Democrats' stronghold in the capital. At no time during the election campaign did anyone think that Sihanouk would not win. The odds were too heavily in his favour. He had been king, and the king in Cambodia is sacred. He had struggled wordily with the French and had won his country's independence. His framed portrait was in every polling booth, his picture on every Sangkum banner stretched across every village street, across the entrance to all village and town halls; in many instances across the entrances to the polling booths as well. Before polling day, guarded by a Sovereign's armed escort provided by the Army, of which he is Commander in Chief, tubby, genial, intelligent Sihanouk toured the country. You can imagine the reactions of the peasants when this cavalcade rumbled into the village. A sacred man had come to town! In this way, and in others (such as strong advice to the doubtful by local functionaries anxious that their villages should not vote against the ex-king) the election was unfair. Unfair because a sacrosanct person had stepped into the political arena. What is important now is whether Sihanouk will tolerate Democratic criticism through their newspapers and through their political activities.

Paris

The "Beni-Oui-Ouis" Revolt

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week, M. Faure suddenly snapped in the middle of a press conference: "Don't talk to me any more about Morocco—I've had enough of it." Does this mean he has decided that his Government's sole chance of survival is to do nothing further until the Assembly reconvenes on Tuesday? This is certainly the impression aroused by the latest Government moves.

The communiqué announcing General Boyer de la Tour's return to Rabat "to continue efforts with the object of applying the compromise of Aix-les-Bains" makes it clear that the policy of reforms in Morocco is to be jettisoned; for it is obvious that the General will do nothing further unless he is given precise orders and, above all, a dead-line. Most of the Right-wing Ministers accepted Ben Arafa's departure only on condition that it was "freely consented"—knowing well that, with Grandval's recall, they were in a position to arrange for this consent to be indefinitely withheld. Indeed, Présence Française—the extremist *colon* organisation in Morocco—has literally surrounded the Sultan's palace, and installed "guards" in the corridors. And the Administration—which has now swung round to the *colons* again—has organised a series of visits by compliant Caids and Pashas who have suddenly expressed a wish to "manifest their loyalty" to the Sultan.

In Algeria also the clouds are gathering. On Sunday M. Faure bluntly announced the Government's policy: "Integration by force." He has thus decided to ignore the Nationalist movement and to try to preserve the myth of the "Three Algerian Departments." The timing of the announcement was ill-chosen: the next day, the Muslim deputies in the Algerian Assembly met privately and decided by a large majority to reject the policy of integration. This destroys, once and for all, the French pretence that integration is accepted "by the overwhelming majority of the Muslim population." With few exceptions, the Muslim deputies were all "Administration candidates" elected in fake polls; but their presence did at least give French policy a formal legal justification. With the revolt of the "Beni-Oui-Ouis," the whole flimsy superstructure of Algerian "democracy" has collapsed. It also sounds the death knell of M. Soustelle's "reforms." These, which included the extension of the teaching of Arabic in the schools, the abolition of State control over the Muslim religion, and a modest land reform, were sensible so far as they went. But they could only have achieved the desired psychological effect within the context of a wider, political settlement. In the present climate, they were received with hostility even by the "Beni-Oui-Ouis," and the deputies from the Constantine department refused to come to Algiers to listen to their proclamation. Faced with this hostility, and after attempts to bring every form of pressure on the deputies, M. Soustelle has now been forced to postpone the opening of the Algerian Assembly.

Labour and the Wilson Report

MR. HAROLD WILSON'S report on Labour organisation does a first-class job for the Labour Party. To assess its importance, which may well prove historic, it is worth taking a cool look back at the circumstances out of which it grew. The Labour Party, obsessed after 1945 with the burden of office and later distracted by clashes of policy and temperament, never learnt its lessons from the 1945 election. Lacking the incentive which defeat offers for self-criticism, its leadership never seems to have realised that the party was organisationally in as bad a way as were the Conservatives. In 1945 Labour's victory was inevitable; and even had the Tories been organised, nothing could have prevented it. As it was, with both parties in disarray, the evangelical enthusiasm of the constituency workers turned inevitable victory into a landslide.

But even in 1945, there were shrewd observers who realised that the party machine was in a bad way; and by 1950, sufficient of the crusading spirit had evaporated for some comparison between the organisation of the two parties to show in the election results. Labour, fighting in the constituencies with an almost desperate fury, lost 80-odd seats; and every active party worker knew then that the electoral machine was totally unfitted to match the vigorous "sales campaign" which was being promoted on the other side by Lord Woolton, Mr. Butler and the able young men they had gathered round them. That lesson was hammered home a second and a third time in 1951 and 1955, and by the time the polls closed last May, the most widespread and freely expressed sentiment in local party offices was resentment against the party headquarters—both for the pusillanimous display its leaders had put up as a parliamentary Opposition and for the dismal failure of Transport House to provide for the local workers and candidates conditions in which they had a fair chance of victory. It is idle to conceal the fact that much of this latter criticism—some of which was, of course, ill-informed—was focused on Mr. Morgan Phillips, the party secretary.

It was against this background that, during the post-mortem on this year's election, a full-dress inquiry into party organisation was proposed, jointly, it seems, by Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. Gaitskell. It was the first inquiry of its kind since Arthur Henderson had done a similar job after World War I. A committee of four Executive members was appointed, under the chairmanship of Mr. Wilson. Thus, ever since the setting up of the inquiry in the summer, Mr. Wilson has been able to go about his job in the knowledge that both his task and his own appointment were warmly welcomed in the constituency parties and, even more significantly, among party officials at regional and local level. With the presentation of his report, it becomes clear that he has heard evidence, in surprisingly and most valuably candid terms, from those whose mouths are more usually kept shut.

Leaving aside the lesser criticisms and recommendations, the Wilson committee was led to tackle three primary weaknesses in Labour Party organisation. First, the ineffectual direction of the machine inside Transport House; secondly, the lack of an adequate agency service (and so of up-to-date methods) in the constituencies; thirdly, the fundamental defect in Labour finances that in areas where the party is electorally strongest, party membership tends to be low, and the local contribution to national funds thus realises nothing like its potential. On each of these matters, the Wilson committee's recommendations are thought to be clear and unequivocal.

First, control inside Transport House: a committee of four members of the National Executive, including the party treasurer, should be appointed to sit with senior party officials and supervise the day-to-day running of the machine. The National Agent should, in future, be squarely responsible for control of the organisation and should be answerable direct to the committee of four and not only through the General Secretary. There is no doubt that these recommendations are organisationally sound; but it is to be observed that they may have far-reaching political effects. The status of the National Agent (often, in the past, regarded as little more than the General Secretary's personal assistant) is to be considerably raised; at the same time, the effective power of the General Secretary will be proportionately reduced—leaving the holder of that office time for political propaganda and international public relations without neglect of the domestic machine. Moreover, once the committee of four is established, it must clearly be answerable to the

Executive itself; and there would seem little purpose in perpetuating the Organisation Sub-committee of the National Executive, an unwieldy body which is at present nominally responsible for these functions. Whether the existing Sub-committee is formally wound up or not, it is clear that effective power over the machine would belong to the committee of four, which would include, if one may hazard an obvious guess, Mr. Wilson as its chairman, and Mr. Gaitskell as one of its members.

Secondly, the agency service: this was a hurdle which might have laid Mr. Wilson by the heels. It is generally agreed that the number, quality, pay and working conditions of Labour agents must all be raised. Last year's Conference, in fact, remitted to the consideration of the Executive a resolution demanding a "national agency service," under which Transport House would gradually assume central responsibility for the payment of local agents. Obviously, such a scheme has much to commend it, if it is judged only by the test of tidy administration. But such an extension of Transport House authority would almost certainly have proved, despite the Conference resolution, totally unacceptable to most constituency parties, once its implications were understood—the more so since some of the more loquacious trade union leaders have openly claimed the extension of their control over the local parties as one of the merits of such a system.

It is perhaps fortunate for Mr. Wilson—as it certainly is for the party—that shortage of money has compelled him to find a compromise. The report recommends the establishment of a "striking force" of full-time agents, to be nationally paid and placed at the disposal of regional organisers, who would allot them to constituencies in the light of local conditions. This may well turn out to be a sensible compromise of lasting value. It avoids splitting the party on the issue of the national agency service, and, at the same time, it leaves plenty of flexibility and plenty of opportunity for the continuance, where it exists, of the voluntary service on which the Labour Party has traditionally based its strength. It creates, in effect, a reserve of organisational strength which can be quickly switched to a particular area in need of help, and which can move in, create a modern organisation and, having done so, move out and leave the volunteers to operate the new machine—with a greatly improved chance of, incidentally, raising the funds that are necessary to provide security for an agent. There are many moribund constituencies which could be dramatically revived by the arrival of an expert organiser to teach the existing volunteers the most efficient modern methods of party management.

Thirdly, finance: the financial proposals of the Wilson committee have not, as we write, been so fully made public as the rest of the report; but some deductions can reasonably be based on the other recommendations. Labour's financial difficulty is known to be one of current revenue, rather than of reserves. Indeed, the party showed a surplus on its election account and has secured —if rumour is to be believed—some capital gain from a rearrangement of its investments under Mr. Gaitskell's treasurership. But there has always been a great reluctance to eat into the reserves, and the annual income is nothing like enough to permit the sort of organisational reforms which are now necessary. This was part of the purpose of Mr. Gaitskell's financial appeal to the unions at Southport earlier this month. But it is doubtful whether the trade unions can, in any case, solve the problem. Despite popular misconceptions, most Labour Party money is raised and spent locally; and it is in the constituencies that the heaviest part of the burden must always fall.

At present, each local party is obliged to pay over to Transport House sixpence a year for each of its members, retaining for itself 5s. 6d. There is, in this arrangement, little incentive for local parties to achieve the high membership upon which Transport House must depend for adequate revenue. Indeed, it is generally true that individual party membership is lowest in the electorally safe areas and highest in marginal or even hopeless constituencies. If the Wilson committee has been ingenious enough to devise a greater incentive for high individual membership, and thus an increase in the party's assured annual income, it has indeed done a signal service; and the recommendations in the rest of the report stand a far better chance of being realised. It is, in any event, clear that if most of these recommendations are to be implemented with the degree of urgency which the report demands, they must be put in hand out of capital, long before any far-reaching schemes for increasing annual income can bear fruit.

All in all, it is obvious that Mr. Wilson and his committee have done all that could have been hoped for. The political consequences of their report may be considerable. Mr. Wilson's personal ability has always been recognised: his chairmanship of this inquiry makes him, for the first time, a figure of real political importance. In him, it seems as if the Labour Party may have found the manager it has needed so long—young, vigorous, modern-minded and able to see that a party machine must be an inspiration to party workers and not merely the means of disciplining them. No amount of administrative ingenuity can, of course, make up for the absence in the Labour Party of a crusading desire to change society: the current *malaise* in the Labour Party is one of lost ideals and infirm purpose—it goes far deeper than mere organisation. Nevertheless, if the Wilson recommendations are vigorously put in hand, it is at least reasonable to hope that the two party machines will soon be able to engage one another on equal terms. It is also fair to observe that the future political struggle inside the Labour Party for control of a re-modelled organisation will assume even greater importance than hitherto.

"McCarthyism's dead, huh? Perhaps we can cash in on this Macleanism . . ."

Capitalism and Equality

I. Ends and Means

In his thoughtful book *Pursuit of Progress*, Mr. Roy Jenkins neatly distinguished between two main schools of thought on nationalisation—the *ad hoc* and the doctrinaire. To the former, public ownership is an indispensable preliminary to effecting organisational changes in particular industries; to the latter it is an instrument for making changes in society as a whole. The arguments of the first school centre narrowly on efficiency, rationalisation and monopoly, while those of the second are concerned with the broader themes of equality, economic power and planning.

While it is true that in the past both arguments have contributed to the extension of public ownership, it is now abundantly clear that the *ad hoc* approach is virtually exhausted. As industry prospers and develops—and with full employment, extensive State aid and technological advance, it is bound to do so—the efficiency test can be applied to a rapidly shrinking area of the economy. Those industries that still remain eligible for public ownership—cotton and building are contemporary examples—are, like coal and transport in 1945, by definition those industries with a record of failure and a burden of intractable problems by which the success or failure of the public sector comes to be judged. In any attempt to go beyond the most obviously derelict or declining industries, the burden of proof is thrust wholly on the advocates of change, and the argument for or against nationalisation no longer connects with a recognisable Socialist purpose but sinks to the level of some dreary debate between rival teams of industrial consultants.

Surely this is a fair description of our nationalisation difficulties in the last five years. Isolated from their political and moral contexts, successive proposals for public ownership of sugar, cement, insurance, machine tools, and even chemicals, have ceased to be meaningful: for the solution of crucial economic problems they are clearly of marginal significance, and for the achievement of specifically Socialist objectives they are very nearly irrelevant. Those who contest this view should remind themselves that the Tories are perfectly happy with the present public sector, and that even before 1939, in civil aviation and in electricity, they pioneered the *ad hoc* approach themselves.

With these considerations in mind, it is tempting to join those who are already convinced that nationalisation should be removed from the armoury of modern Socialist weapons and placed, alongside the general strike, as an interesting exhibit in some Socialist war museum. Indeed, if it could be shown, as the advocates of the *status quo* maintain, that the broader purpose of equality, planning and the like can be achieved by techniques other than those of public ownership, then the case is well-nigh irresistible. But can it be shown? To many, during the period of the Labour Government, it may have appeared that such new techniques had been developed. Dividend restraint, undoubtedly the most important, effectively dammed the flow of new industrial wealth, channelling the main flood into company reserves and permitting only a thin stream to its lawful owners. At the same time the capacity of the rich to save out of income was severely reduced by the combined imposition of income and surtax; finally death duties permitted Labour Chancellors to dig their tax shovels deep into previously accumulated private stores.

These measures clearly enjoyed some success. But while categorical judgments must be avoided, both because statistics of wealth are woefully inadequate and because the long-term effect of death duties cannot yet be fully gauged, the available evidence suggests that the dam and the shovel in fact failed to bring about any marked egalitarian change in the ownership of property. That this was true even in the time of the Labour Government successive studies of the Oxford Institute of Statistics have shown. Since Mr. Butler arrived at the Treasury, whatever progress had been made by his Labour predecessors has been halted and reversed. Although taxation and death duties remain today at high levels, the dam on dividends has been swept away: once again, as before the war, freshly created wealth is flowing in full spate to the owners of property.

This, of course, is the underlying reason for the extraordinary and meteoric rise of equity shares which have gained in value, over the last year alone, more than the revenue has amassed from death duties in the last decade. While the present pace is bound to slacken, there is no reason at all, taking the lean years with the fat, why capital appreciation should not march in step with the general increase in industrial production. Without any shift in the present share of property owners in the national income, capital values can therefore be expected to rise by about £450 million per annum; and of this between 75 and 90 per cent. will accrue, not to the institutions, as the apologists like to suggest, but to private persons. Against this rapid accumulation it is obvious that existing tax techniques are unlikely to prove very effective.

It can, of course, be argued that the next Labour Government should use a larger shovel and build a more permanent dam. But leaving aside for a moment the host of other objections, it should be clear that these techniques can only work over a long period of time: they are dependent upon a more or less permanent Labour Government—a state of affairs which, to say the least, cannot be guaranteed. There are, however, other serious objections to what are essentially attempts to run capitalism without the profit motive. Against dividend restraint it can be legitimately argued that the accumulation of retained profits by established companies accelerates the existing trend towards oligopoly control. While the capital market is denuded of resources and, as a result, new enterprises are denied fresh funds, there is no guarantee either that retained profits will be invested or that they will be invested in the most desirable places. Similarly, high taxation, in so far as it does diminish private wealth, only accelerates the enormous concentration of economic power in the hands of the financial institutions. In addition, wherever ownership and control remain joined—as they are in most small businesses, including farms—high taxation is bound to exert a disincentive influence.

It is significant that these objections were implicitly accepted by the Socialist minority in the recent report on the Royal Commission on Taxation, Income and Profits. Indeed, the minority recommended that the differential tax on distributed profits, the remaining buttress of the nearly defunct policy of dividend restraint, should now be removed. In its place they propose a capital gains tax which they hope will prove a more effective means of checking the growth of inequality. But here, too, a major obstacle is encountered—one which serves to illustrate even more clearly than those previously discussed the essential weakness of fiscal techniques. Although the minority argue that capital gains are in fact income, they do *not* propose that capital gains should be treated as such for tax purposes. The reasoning behind this apparent paradox is crucial. For they say: "If capital gains were subjected to both income and surtax, the effect would be that a great part of these gains would be taxed at an extremely high rate (amounting at present to 19s. in the £) which would be bound to have a destructive effect on the willingness to assume risks. . . . It would have a negative effect on the incentives to save and encourage capitalists to dissipate their capital." Instead they propose to tax capital gains only at the standard rate of income tax.

This is an admission of some importance. For what the Socialist minority has been driven to concede is precisely what capitalist economists have been arguing throughout the post-war period: namely, that in a free enterprise system the vital functions of saving and investment will not take place if egalitarian measures are pushed too far. To the minority's argument that a slice off the loaf is better than no bread at all, the riposte can take two forms: the slice will either be so big that the capitalist machinery will not work, or so small that no significant progress will be made towards equality.

Here is a basic dilemma. The continued existence of a capitalist sector of the present size cannot be reconciled with any significant further progress towards equality. For this reason if for no other, we cannot be content with fiscal remedies. It is necessary therefore to take another look at that old scarecrow, public ownership.

Peter Shore

London Diary

I can remember few articles in this journal which have had such a salutory effect as our front-page article on the death of the Kikuyu, Kamau Kachina, three weeks ago. Perhaps because it was still holiday time; perhaps because people have become so used to horrors that they no longer react quickly to them—whatever the reason, this was, I think, the only journal which immediately commented on this peculiarly shocking example of cruelty and racialism. In the Colony itself, papers that are seldom critical of the "settler point of view", like the *East African Standard*, have been moved to protest about this case; the propaganda organisation called "The Voice of Kenya" has also reacted sharply. It would be fantastic if they did not. But what is shocking in this case is not so much its revelation of the extent of the brutality of which men are capable if they are given a free hand in fighting people with different coloured skins, but, more important, the exposure of the complete breakdown of the rule of law in the Colony. Responsible people here and in Nairobi have taken notice that the charges of murder were reduced to "grievous bodily harm" before the case was even brought into Court. This was a way of telling Africans first that, by definition, killing is no murder if committed by Whites against Blacks and, secondly, that Kenya is now, beyond argument, a Police State. I am glad to hear that the Labour Party Executive is roused about this issue, and that there will be a demand, both in this country and in Kenya, for a full judicial inquiry.

* * *

At dawn on Monday morning the Paris police arrested the French Catholic journalist Robert Barrat, who is a frequent contributor to *L'Express*

and *France-Observateur*. A communiqué from the Ministry of the Interior announced that he was charged with "failure to denounce crimes compromising the security of the State," and that he would be taken to Algiers for judgment by a military court. Barrat is a well-known figure in Catholic intellectual circles in Paris. A few weeks ago he made a tour of the fighting areas in Algeria and spoke with a number of the rebel leaders. On his return he wrote an article in *France-Observateur* which is, perhaps, the most objective —and provocative—analysis of the attitude of the Algerian rebels yet published. He presented them not as bandits, or protagonists of a "Holy War," but as simple patriots, who have a great deal in common with the wartime French *maquis*. For this "crime" he was to have been taken to Algiers—which meant certain conviction—and, in all probability, a sentence of ten years' imprisonment. Fortunately, the reaction of public opinion to this further attempt to stifle the freedom of the press in France was immediate and effective. Right-wing newspapers such as the *Figaro* and the official Catholic organ *La Croix* joined with the Left in protest, and the Government's action was officially condemned by the Socialist Party. Now, I am glad to see Barrat has been released on bail—a healthy sign that public opinion is at last becoming worried.

* * *

I have been trying to find out how many political prisoners have been released behind the Iron Curtain since the thaw began. Figures are very difficult to establish, and names too. But a few facts are clear. After Beria's death there were widespread strikes and riots in Vorkuta and other less notorious Soviet labour camps. Partly for this reason, and partly because the regime in Russia is now genuinely more "liberal" the process of sorting out began. People who think that the Russians have a precise card index of everybody who has been lost in North Russia and Siberia since 1941 have not understood the nature either of the German-Soviet war, or of the climatic or geographical conditions. I don't for a moment believe the Kremlin knew, when they started the new policy, who their prisoners were or how many of them were alive. The Austrian Treaty led, however, to the release of many thousands of prisoners, and the general amnesty for Russians imprisoned for disloyalty during the war means that the Soviet Government can also release German and Japanese war prisoners without outraging the feelings of the relatives of Soviet prisoners. It is clear that a high proportion of convict labour, which like all forced labour is hopelessly inefficient, is now being released, and that a different system of production in the mines and forests is being evolved.

* * *

Next come the East Europe satellite States. Ever since the Russians proclaimed in Belgrade that Beria, not Tito, was to blame for their quarrel with Yugoslavia, it has been obvious that thousands of people imprisoned for Titoism in East European countries would have to be released. The Czechs are in a dilemma because they cannot restore to life Slansky, Otto Simon and the rest. They also seem to be very slow to release ideological prisoners. The Archbishop, I am told, is still in gaol, and so are members of other religious groups. The Protestant pastors seem not to have been released in Bulgaria. In Hungary many of the Social Democrats do appear to be free, including Anna Kethley. I have not so far succeeded in learning the names of the others who are now out of gaol; I am anxious to do so. Several of them are old friends who worked bravely against Admiral Horthy and the Germans during the war. In Poland, I believe, the releases have been general. One does not hear about them, because Governments do not list those they have falsely imprisoned, and those who are liberated do not talk. I gather that in Warsaw one just meets people who have silently disappeared for years. They must number tens of thousands in Poland. According to the press Gomulka has been released. This, I think, is founded on an error. He was accused of the Polish equivalent of Titoism, because he differed from the official land policy. He lost his job and went into obscurity. I have no evidence that he was actually imprisoned, and I hear that he has a job, sees very few people, and takes no part in politics.

* * *

I made a slip last week in saying that Maclean went to Eton; in fact, it was Burgess who went to Eton and Maclean who went to Gresham's. The interesting point is that Maclean came from a school which, unlike Eton and Harrow, was supposed to specialise in science but, in fact, produced a remarkable list of distinguished names in the world of literature and the Arts. They included Benjamin Britten, W. H. Auden, John Hayward, H. V. Hodson, Peter Brook, Boris Ford, John Pudney and Robert Medley. Stephen Spender was also there, but left very young. The list also includes Lord Reith.

* * *

Time magazine reveals the following very odd facts about the mental condition of the United States.

> From 1949-1953 U.S. distribution of the Scriptures jumped 140 per cent. In a recent survey of religious attitudes, more than four-fifths of U.S. citizens said that they believed the Bible was the "revealed word of God." But another survey shows 53 per cent unable to name even one of the Gospels. And, a panel of 28 prominent Americans asked to rate the 100 most significant happenings in history, ranked Christ's crucifixion 4th (tied with the Wright Brothers' flight and the discovery of X-rays).

The more one studies these strange statistics, the more difficult it is to find any adequate comment. But *Time's* own comment seems to reveal that its editors share, in part at least, the confusions which they expose. They find that America is shown by them to be "at the same time, the most religious and the most secular nation in the world." Yet surely the one obvious fact about this curious combination of beliefs is that they have nothing whatever to do with religion.

* * *

From early childhood we grow up with a Platonic idea of English weather. "January brings the snow, makes feet and finger glow. February brings the rain, thaws. . . ." April is enjoined to "laugh her girlish laughter, shed her girlish tears," and so on. Every now and again, when year by year our scepticism has been growing, there comes a season that confirms these seasonal myths. White Christmas? I am not sure that I remember one in England. A "real summer"? 1911 evokes memories of long days on the Wye, incredibly shallow, the boat always sticking on a rock so that a small boy had a good excuse for falling into the water to push it off again. 1921? Hot. My first visit to Germany; we walked day by day in a blaze of sunshine through the ripening cornfields of Bavaria. September 1939? Crowds of solemn children with gasmasks climbing out of buses. 1940? The little boats and the army that escaped Hitler. And a few, very few, other seasonable summers. This year we have had the sort of summer that is laid up in heaven. No broken arc, but the perfect round. I shall remember it for early mornings on top of the Downs when I looked over a white rolling sea of cloud out of which, like great rocky islands, the twin Downs of Mount Caburn and Itford rise up, bleak and bold. And then, as I watch, a frieze of trees appears through the mist, just as a Japanese artist would silhouette them, grey, unsubstantial, paper thin. When the mist rises, Lewes Castle stands guarding its immemorial gap, and the water meadows lie beneath with odd little stretches of river catching the light. Around us are sheep cropping the grass, and in the distance the sea and the sharp white cliff falling down to Seaford, with the Birling Gap a step ahead, and, beyond, the high Down above Beachy Head just coming into view.

CRITIC

Centenary Chant

("Leaves of Grass" was published in 1855)

Walt Whitman speaks:—

You, whoever you are, I salute you.
All the inhabitants of earth, part of me
indiscriminate,
You civilizations and barbarisms, aborigines
and savants,
You Republicans, equally with you Democrats
of my race,
You constructive capitalist and proletarian
communities,
You Right-wingers and Left-wingers on this
side and that of the Iron Curtain,
You in Kingdoms, Democracies, Peoples'
Democracies
And Other Peoples' Democracies,
You Communist Chinese, no less than you
Nationalist Chinese,
You North Koreans simultaneously with you
South Koreans,
You East Germans indistinguishable from
West Germans,
You sons and daughters of Old World England,
You inarticulates emergent in Africa, Asia, India,
Omnes, omnes, I call you camerados!
You everywhere unspecified, included in
limitless, inevitable me.
Salut au monde!
Good will to you all, from me and America sent!
(He is led off, quietly, to the looney bin)

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

By order of the Queen, Rockall is to be taken; and by the Royal Navy and Royal Marine Commandos, taken it is. One can understand the emotion with which a geologist of the party knelt upon this rocky outcrop and kissed it, before chipping bits off it with a 3lb maul.—*Evening News*. (J. L. Oliver.)

His religion, deeply felt, is that English one which through the assured centuries has tamed a storm on Galilee to the formal loveliness of a lily-pond in an Essex garden.—*News Chronicle*. (W. Wilson.)

As the 700 men taking part in the Freedom parade approached the saluting base, a woman in the crowd noticed a caterpillar making a desperate attempt to cross the road.

"Quick, rescue that caterpillar," she cried, and her plea was heard by the man standing next to her, who dashed into the road and saved the tiny creature from certain death by popping it into his pocket.—*Hunts Post*. (J. Coney.)

I am no musician, but a lover of fair play. I thought it most unsporting of the B.B.C. recently to broadcast Stravinsky immediately after Beethoven.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (H. Simpson.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

ROUGH SKETCH OF A LIFEBOAT

THIS piece is written for members of the English middle classes who are fond of the arts. I ask them first to believe, with me, that they are now living in a new society that cares little or nothing about their tastes and desires, that will leave them to fend for themselves. And the sooner we recognise these facts, the sooner we can begin to learn how to look after ourselves. We must do it. We have no "They" to do it for us. It is useless waiting for the State, Big Business and Industry, the Trade Unions, to give us what we want. Nor have we enough votes, sufficient money, power in any form, to enforce our demands. From now on, as a group, we are out on our own. We must live as best we can.

What can we do by ourselves, with no help from the vast organisations? Once we have faced the facts of our situation, I believe we can do a good deal, and have a better time doing it than most of the pets of the new society will ever have. We can create instead of merely consuming. Moreover, we can create what we know we want, unlike the men of power, running mass communications, who are condemned to make what they think other people may want, people they mostly despise. If we can occasionally compel the big machines to serve our ends, so much the better; but we shall be well advised not only to consider what those ends are but also to have some plan of campaign. To that plan, this piece is a modest contribution.

Publishing costs are rising. The young poet, short-story writer, essayist, will soon find it harder still to obtain a publisher. And what is fatal to the young writer is the feeling that he will never achieve print. (For this reason I have always held that if, for example, there is some money to be spent on poetry, it is more wisely spent on subsidies for poetry publication than it is when awarded to the poets themselves as fellowships, etc.) Perhaps more could be done with subscription than we ever try to do nowadays; though the English are poor subscribers, hating to commit themselves in advance to anything. It is on this rock that so many promising schemes for the arts strike, split, and founder. Our great-great-grandfathers were tremendous subscribers, but we have not such confidence. Still, it might be tried again, chiefly for mixed volumes of poetry and belles-lettres.

What is more likely to succeed, however, is a revival, preferably on a far larger scale, of the small semi-amateur presses and publishing enterprises of the type fairly common about thirty years ago. These would not only offer the young writer a chance of being published, they would also bring work they would enjoy to a lot of people at present wondering what to do with themselves. It may be objected that remote little presses would not be able to sell the books they published. But if there were enough of these presses, it would be possible to create a small wholesale company to distribute their publications, even to start a shop or two. I agree that experiments of this sort have rarely succeeded in the past. But people did not feel then that they were committted to a situation, as they ought to feel now. That is why it is so important that members of this group should realise how they are situated now, should plan for themselves as a society within a society.

It is a great pity that most writers on the Drama do not try to understand, and then make their readers understand, the economics of theatrical production. Nobody pays, or is willing to pay, three times the pre-war price for a theatre ticket, yet the costs, especially in the West End, have already more than doubled. A London production has to play almost to capacity to keep running at all. And costs will rise, even though actors are not immodest in their demands and playwrights take smaller royalties. Moreover, the Theatre, particularly in the provinces, is bound to suffer from the rapid development of TV. And the more initial capital a production requires, the less likely it is that that production will appeal to a minority audience. Already, experiment is almost impossible. People in their innocence are always asking me why I do not have my *Johnson Over Jordan* revived, not realising that such a production would be ruinous now, except to the Old Vic, which is solidly committed to Shakespeare.

What we need, if only to keep the players speaking directly to us, are new and comparatively inexpensive types of production, which have a chance of succeeding away from the mass audience. I offer two suggestions; other people may have better ideas. One is the "platform play" like that piece Jacquetta Hawkes and I wrote, "Dragon's Mouth," which was performed both in London and the provinces here some years ago, has been done abroad, and is to be produced in New York this season. Pieces of this kind, which should be specially written rather than adapted from existing plays or novels, can be produced with the minimum of costume, properties, lighting, effects, only ask for a few players and a platform, with some amplification of sound for larger halls. True, they are not plays proper, but more or less heightened debates, preferably within a dramatic framework; but on the other hand they give good players a fine chance of showing what they can do, they keep the dramatic spoken word alive, and actually increase the opportunities for elaborate and sustained speech. Young writers, producers, players, should give careful consideration to this new form.

Closer to the ordinary theatre, but avoiding a good many of its high costs, is "theatre-in-the-round," now being tried here and fairly well established in America and on the Continent. (Not long ago, the International Theatre Institute's quarterly, "World Theatre," devoted an issue to it.) In this form the conventional picture-frame stage is replaced by an arena, almost like a circus ring. There are of course no sets, and just the barest minimum of furniture and props. Enthusiasts believe that it is better than our ordinary method of presentation, more imaginative, more intimate, more alive; but here I am recommending it simply in terms of costs. A theatre-in-the-round needs far less space than the usual playhouse; it can be built or adapted at a fraction of the cost, does not need its own building site, could be created out of a disused ballroom or the ground floor of a warehouse, and will comfortably seat several hundred people in a space that would be useless for an ordinary theatre. Again, the running costs are much smaller, for there are no sets to design, build, paint, put up and take down, and you can make do with only a tiny stage staff. Touring would be simpler and far less expensive. If a dozen large towns had theatres-in-the-round, it would be possible to send out tours costing so little that a minority audience could keep them going. And even though you may prefer the picture-frame stage, you must agree that intelligent plays in an arena are better than no intelligent plays at all.

As for music, where the immediate situation is not so desperate, I will only point out that here, in a fairly remote corner of the Isle of Wight, we are able to run successfully an annual Chamber Music Festival without asking for a penny of public money. For three nights we have some glorious music, including some of the best performances of certain works that I have ever heard anywhere, and everybody is happy. In fact, most of the music gains by being performed and heard away from the usual chilly little hall. And what we can do, miles from anywhere on this island, can easily be done elsewhere, in scores of places where most of the conditions are more favourable. There is also much satisfaction in helping to organise your own concerts, and I commend this music-in-the-country-house to everybody who cares about the art.

The visual arts, which cry out for the wealthy patron, cannot be brought easily into any scheme. I do not pretend to have the answers here. I can only offer a few scattered observations that might be helpful. First, about dealers. As a collector in a small way, I have done business with many dealers, most of whom I have liked. But they have one fault. They tend to keep the exhibiting, buying and selling of pictures in a hushed, thick-carpeted atmosphere that belongs to another age. Duveen and his millionaires are dead. Many people, not rich but able now and again to find fifty or a hundred pounds for a picture, are afraid of venturing into London galleries, where, they imagine (and quite wrongly, as a rule), their fifty or hundred pounds would look like tuppence. And dealers should encourage and not discourage such potential patrons. They might also combine to send some of their pictures, perhaps long unsold, on a tour of the provinces, all marked with plain prices and no hush-hush genteel nonsense.

Pictures on loan, with a monthly renting fee, make no wide appeal—we seem to be possessive in our relation to the visual arts—but what, I think, has not been tried yet, and might have a much greater chance of success, is a properly organised system of exchange. This might encourage a number of people, who have neither much money nor much wall space, to buy pictures, knowing that they could exchange them from time to time, merely by paying a fee for the service of the agency. The fee would vary roughly according to the current value of the picture concerned. Thus, you bring in your picture, which is placed in Group D, and on paying the fee for this particular group, you could take away any picture you fancied in that category. The scheme would be run at a loss at first, for the overheads would be considerable and the fees slow to arrive, but once it was going properly it would not only more than pay for itself but would sooner or later, I believe, greatly increase the number of patrons. And of course there is no reason why the exchange agency itself should not buy and sell works.

Anybody may have better ideas than these, and I hope some people will have. Let the ball roll. What I do claim is that here at least is an attempt to deal constructively with a situation that is bad

NEXT WEEK

Autumn Books

Special Supplement

A Literary Dialogue: Uncles & Nephews
A Poem by C. DAY LEWIS
A List of Autumn Books
Reviewers include
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PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON,
V. S. PRITCHETT, FRANCIS HUXLEY,
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and may soon, if we do nothing but grumble about it, get much worse. Let us begin by recognising, even at the risk of appearing to be too pessimistic, that nobody but ourselves will provide us with the sort of life we want. It is no use waiting for the power-mongers and the life-haters to do it. They have other plans, now maturing rapidly. We must create that life for ourselves. And if we have no longer the will, mind and heart to create, and to enjoy creation, then we are already dying, and indeed would be better dead.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Two Ways in Kenya

I LEFT Nairobi early in the morning and was driven northwards through the May mists towards Mount Kenya. As we approached Thika, fifty miles or so out of the city, I asked the driver to stop so that I might look at a new phenomenon in Kikuyu land. The Kikuyu tribe are not village people, having by tradition lived in isolated family groups. Yet beside the road now I had seen several rough villages, with their long lines of round mud huts, topped by thatched roofs, and prominent stockaded cattle pens. In one of them, where we stopped, I could see donkeys wandering down the lanes, a few children and one or two women, but most of the villagers were out in the fields. A party of about thirty were half a mile away, guarded by one or two armed tribal policemen. I was told that life in these villages is constantly supervised by security forces, police and home-guards, particular care being taken to protect the cattle and maize stores from raids by the Mau Mau.

As I stood and looked at this Kikuyu village I recalled the report of Dr. J. C. Carothers, the psychiatrist who was asked by the Kenya Government to investigate the psychology of the Mau Mau movement. His report presents a most rational and profound analysis of Mau Mau. Amongst his recommendations I remembered the proposal to effect a clean separation between urban and rural life and to create village communities in the rural areas.

It is obvious that village organisation has something to offer the Kikuyu which previously they have only been able to find in the towns. A genuine rural community spirit would do much to provide those social activities which have been one of the impulses leading young people to Nairobi. To set up villages might, therefore, be one way of avoiding the practice of migratory labour, which is an evil common to all African towns. Town life has become, in many parts of Africa, a new kind of initiation, particularly for young men: a spell in the towns is frequently considered essential to manhood. Yet the majority of these town workers are only temporary visitors, still retaining their land claims, and returning when they can work in the country. If social activities could be developed in village life, the attraction of the town might be diminished and allow urban and rural work to become complementary instead of competitive.

I wondered, as I drove on to the north whether these advantages of village life would ever come to fruition amongst the Kikuyu. The villages are there certainly, and provide some considerable defence against Mau Mau attacks. What is less evident, but nevertheless to be seen, are the isolated family homesteads, minus their thatches, some even flat to the ground from bull-dozing. It is obvious that people have been compelled to leave their homes and forced to build and inhabit these new villages. It seems doubtful whether, when natural conservatism is outraged and the new life closely regulated by force, the community spirit essential to village life can be expected to develop. It will be a tragedy if what might have been a vital social experiment is distorted and then rejected through being indentified simply with the needs of military policy.

Up in the village of Embu, District Commissioner Frank Wilson outlined to me some of the methods used to combat Mau Mau in his exposed area. Over 300 adherents had surrendered in the district since the amnesty terms announced in January and they are kept well in evidence to prove that surrendered men are not killed but well cared for. The most important tactic used in this area, however, is the Embu Ditch. It is dug wide and deep for about 35 miles around the forest at the base of the mountain, filled with bamboo stakes and traps, and manned by guard posts. The main object is to prevent the gangs from obtaining food from surrounding districts.

I was driven out of Embu in a Land-Rover along the deeply rutted road to Runyenje, where I met one of the surrendered Mau Mau leaders, a flat-faced thick-set young man, with long hair brushed straight back from his broad brow. He was an educated man, brought up in a Catholic mission school, though now excommunicated. He styled himself "General Engineer," because of his responsibility in the forest for organising a factory for the production of light arms. From what he told me, and from other investigations I made, it seems that life in the forest is attractive to the leaders, but becoming harder for the rank-and-file. The former have a plentiful supply of food, women with them, and the excitement which they crave. The latter are becoming frequently hungry and constantly harassed by security forces. Yet undiminished political aims continue to cement the two together. Indeed, from all the anti-Mau Mau methods which I was shown in Kenya, one primary fact emerged. In this atomic age, anti-imperialist movements have discovered a guerilla form of welfare which cannot be finally defeated by military means. In the final result the end of the actual Mau Mau insurrection depends upon the Government's ability to offer the leaders a more attractive future.

But even when the military emergency has been brought to an end, the major problem still remains. Many Kikuyu have now been persuaded that the Government forces are stronger than those of Mau Mau and they accordingly either co-operate with them or at least refuse to help the gangs in the forest. Indeed, some anger against the Mau Mau is now evident. Yet nowhere amongst the Kikuyu is there to be found any genuine evidence of confidence in the present Government or its policy. This is hardly to be expected when members of the tribe are still subjected to "tough" treatment often involving brutality, are so victimised in employment that unemployment is rife, have been indiscriminately confined in the detention camps, and are now being forcibly herded together in the barrack-like villages. During my visit to Nairobi I was also told of another harmful policy adopted in some areas against the Kikuyu. It appears that compulsory communal labour is now being enforced on many Kikuyu women. This means that such women are forced to work long hours, without payment, leaving their children at home. The increase in infant malnutrition and mortality has developed alarmingly.

How then can this tribe of over a million people be weaned from the ideas, as well as practice, of nationalist terrorism? I was given evidence of one clear answer to this question the day after my visit to Embu. This time I was driven out to the south-east of Nairobi, on the road which runs between the game park and European farms up into the Machakos Hills. This was the site of the original administrative post in Kenya where Ainsworth first set up Machakos Fort in 1883. On my last visit to Kenya these hills almost resembled the gold dumps of Johannesburg; they were little more than red dust heaps with deep gullies and cracks where torrents of water carried away the fertile top soil every rainy season. The cattle were walking skeletons, the people on famine relief. It was thought then that the Wakamba tribe could only survive by being moved to another area. On this visit I was startled to see, even as we climbed into the hills, green forests on the skyline. As we approached Machakos grass fields, plump cattle, fruit trees and neat homesteads completed the picture.

It is truly a revolution which has been achieved amongst the Wakamba tribe. I was taken to see an experimental grass station, a depot for repairing modern tractors, a dam to irrigate a whole district, the ridging which is essential to avoid erosion. The agricultural revolution is sufficiently astonishing; it would, however, have little chance of survival if it were not accompanied also by a social revolution. Such a transformation is equally evident; neat homesteads with well-built huts, fertile plots, cattle pens and bright healthy children are growing up all over the area.

Even more startling is the revolution in the life of the women. I was shown in Ainsworth's original house, now used as a museum, an exhibition of witchcraft implements. Until recently a strong secret women's organisation of witchcraft dominated the outlook of the tribe. Eventually 500 of these witches were so convinced of their error that they ceremonially gathered and threw their implements into a large prepared hole. They have now become members of the 86 women's clubs, where they are taught sewing, cooking and household management. Instead of remaining as traditional tribal beasts of burden, they have now begun to build happy homes, look after their children, supervise hygiene and diet and make life more comfortable for their husbands. This latter factor has eventually converted the men from critics into enthusiastic supporters.

This tremendous revolution has, of course, been produced by team-work, led by outstanding personalities. The District Commissioner, Douglas J. Penwill, who has been in the area for eight years, is the leader. Continuous service in the one area has assisted him in building up an enthusiastic team. But the essential feature of the team is that it consists of Africans and Europeans working together. The leading figure in the community development section, for example, is John Malinda, an African from the tribe, trained at the Jeanes School, and now training his own team members. Moreover, the success of the experiment has convinced the African District Council of its value and they are now voluntarily imposing regulations to preserve its progress.

There must surely be a lesson here: if such a policy had been followed years ago in Kikuyu land, is it not likely that Mau Mau would never have developed? Indeed, although Mau Mau spread amongst the Wakamba, it was eradicated by them themselves because of their quick recognition that co-operation on such progressive lines offered far more than terrorism. This constructive experiment proves what can be done in Kenya. It can show the way to the removal of the present immediate emergency and to the construction of a peaceful and progressive society.

JOHN HATCH

'The English,' they used to ask, 'are they human?' Since the war the Rank Organisation has made a series of outstanding film comedies proving to the world that indeed they are human—a nation possessing amusing shortcomings peculiar to themselves.

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In its search for ingenious themes and its use of local colour, the Rank Organisation has given a refreshing new look to British film comedy: an amusing slice of the British way of life to be relished both at home and in an ever-growing market throughout the world.

THE RANK ORGANISATION

Fleet Street Notebook

AMIDST all the excitements of Burgess and Maclean, Princess Ira (fifteen, tiger-eyed *and* a bride), Peron and the opening of I.T.A.—and what a break for circulation managers that they should all come together just when they did—the nagging question for Fleet Street still remains: how important is a halfpenny? When the *Mirror*, the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* decided to put up their price to 2d. while the *Express* and the *Mail* decided to stay at 1½d. the solid ranks of the Newspaper Proprietors Association were broken for the second time in two months. This itself is an omen of some importance in an industry whose members while attacking monopoly in others have for years operated one of the tightest trade associations known to man.

The first break came over newsprint when *The Times*, which uses newsprint of a different quality from the others, has a long waiting list of advertisers and had, no doubt, been reading its own leading articles, decided to opt for freedom and give no further support to rationing by number of pages—thus making practically inevitable the announcement that control would end next March. The second arises directly from this. Others, affecting methods of circulation promotion, may follow. Indeed we may, although one hopes not, be on the eve of a circulation war comparable to that of the Twenties and Thirties which led to the burial of three newspapers—the *Morning Post*, the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Daily Chronicle*—two of them in a common grave.

The *Herald*, whose circulation, once 2,200,000, is now down to fewer than 1,750,000 and which has been making substantial losses instead of profits for the last three years, has favoured an increase to 2d. for some time. So has the *News Chronicle*, whose circulation is well below that of the *Herald*, although it is still making profits. Indeed, with the rising cost of newsprint, wages and production costs generally, economic common sense has pointed to an increase for some time—especially since first the newspaper and then the rail strike forced all newspapers to dip heavily into their reserves. What is interesting about the present situation is that two of the chief contenders have changed sides. Formerly the *Express* was understood to be ready to support an increase if everyone else came in. Negotiations broke down because the *Mirror* refused. Now the *Mirror* goes up while the *Express* stays where it is, with the *Mail* as a somewhat reluctant co-defender in a crusade to keep down the cost of living.

This change of roles has puzzled Fleet Street. Its explanation would seem to lie in the estimate made by the shrewd operators of the *Mirror* as to the probable consequences of the decision to free newsprint. Freedom from all economic controls is pleasant enough when advocated in leader columns. It conceals thorns when newspapers themselves are at the receiving end—among them is the fact that since supplies are likely to be inadequate for some time a further rise in price is practically inevitable when the scramble starts. Another and even larger one is that, when rationing by the number of pages ends, all the papers that can afford it will have to increase in size and those who don't will probably go under. But any substantial increase in size may, some of the most far-sighted in the industry are now beginning to fear, bring with it a general fall in circulations.

Total sales of all national mornings have risen from about 10,000,000 before the war to more than 16,000,000 today—and restricted size has undoubtedly been an important factor in this rise. In order to fight off the *ennui* of the train journey or the blank hours when the television screen is empty more and more people have got into the habit of buying not one but several newspapers. This has been of particular advantage to the *Mirror*. With a circulation of above 4,750,000 it is the second paper in a great many homes. Its aim must therefore be to make sure that if more reading matter upsets the habit of plural newspaper buying, it is not the *Mirror* that is dropped. That means a bigger and better *Mirror* with enough in it to occupy all the hours likely to be given to literary pursuits; and that in turn involves the ability to spend much more on newsprint, on special features and probably on distribution—including, possibly, a printing plant in Manchester. Less dependent than others on the need to cover the country with the latest possible edition because it makes its own news values, the *Mirror* so far has printed only in London. It may not be able to continue doing so for long if it wants to cover the country, especially with a larger paper. It is building up the munitions of war, which is one reason no doubt why it realised earlier this year, for £3,200,000, its Preference share investment in the Albert E. Reed newsprint company. And if it can hold its present circulation at 2d. the addition to its revenue might well be in the neighbourhood of £1,500,000 after allowing for increased commission to newsagents, with whom it is very popular and who can be expected to push it.

It is also in the fortunate position of being less exposed than others to the fact that larger papers —plus commercial television—may turn what has been for the last fifteen years a sellers market in advertising space into a buyers market. Revenue from advertising accounts for only some 25 per cent. of its total, revenue from sales for 75 per cent. But can it keep and perhaps continue to increase its huge circulation at 2d.? There seems no reason why not. Its only competitor in the tabloid field (and that not much of one) is the 2d. *Daily Sketch*, a paper dedicated, as has been said, to the proposition that the female figure is different from the male. This is a proposition that the *Mirror* itself has never overlooked. But its strength has always lain in the further fact that it has combined it with exuberant radicalism. The *Sketch* is still only just above the million. But for some months now its sales have been rising faster than those of any other newspaper. If people are prepared to pay 2d. for the *Sketch*, why should they not pay the same for the *Mirror*?

Other considerations guide the *Express*. Like all other papers except the *Mirror*, the *Sketch* and the *Daily Telegraph*, its circulation has been falling. It now hovers just above the 4,000,000 mark—the *Mail* is just above 2,000,000. Like the four-minute mile, 4,000,000 circulation is a figure of symbolic value—especially in the eyes of advertisers. And close on 40 per cent. of the *Express* revenue comes from advertisements. When newspaper prices were increased by a halfpenny in 1951, sales as a whole fell by 6 per cent. If this had been repeated, the *Express* would have gone below the 4,000,000—and the *Mail* below 2,000,000—and it may well have seemed wisest to fight on this line.

The *Mirror* and *Express* are both in a fairly strong position to meet a newspaper war. So probably, because of the strong financial organisation behind it, is the *Mail*. The *Herald* and *News Chronicle* are more exposed. I propose to take a look at them next week.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Rags and Bones

"B-A-AT-TLEE-EE-EE!" ". . . lee-ee-ee!" ". . . ee-ee-ee!"

In the midst of the city's confused din the rag-and-bone men's calls evoke in Narayan's mind the picture of a Bhutanese rug of dark and light wools intermingled, with an occasional coloured yarn running whimsically through grey, coarse monotony. As he listens, he tries to follow the random, evasive red, green or yellow single strand in the weft of the Bhutanese rug of his imagination. Mixing colour with sound is a game he has recently invented to relieve the tedium of his life of a workless artist. However, Narayan sat by the window that day not with the object of arriving at any psychological hypothesis about the possibility of mixing visual and auditory images, but for sheer business.

He had about three pounds of newspapers, accumulated slowly, imperceptibly with the passage of each day, in a corner of his book-rack. Reckon them at five annas a pound and you have nearly a rupee. The two oil bottles would fetch four annas at the very least, and the five medicine phials of his daughter could be sold at an anna each. That makes one rupee and eight annas in all. No sir, not a *pice* less than one and eight!

He wanted every *pice* of it. No, he couldn't afford to let the man clear the junk with a superior wave of his hand and ask the servants to collect the money as *baksheesh*, as he used to in his palmier days. Only he would have to be very careful, oh very, lest the shrewd dealer in the discarded should weigh the newspapers with a finger pressed on the rod of the scales and reduce the net three pounds to two and a half; or pass off a counterfeit rupee. Narayan planted himself firmly by the window very early, immediately after drinking his morning tea with salt, sugar was a luxury, and now it was well on for eleven, but he hadn't heard a single rag-and-bone man pass that way.

His daughter was going to be given her first normal diet after a recent attack of typhoid. There was a handful of fine Kashmiri rice, now musty and full of maggots, but once upon a time an indispensable delicacy of their table. The *chawal* was being cooked slowly on the dying embers of the charcoal *sigree*. Narayan had for a long time been getting whiffs of that particular quality of fragrance of Kashmiri pilao rice, which even mould could not smother. He had been thinking whether that appetising smell could not be represented in colour. With a stab of pain that shot through his brain like a strident shriek he suddenly remembered the promise of a fish curry he had held out to the poor child . . .

Fish curry and a lemon! His wife had suggested a lemon only. But an invisible evil spirit had spoken through him as he was sipping his tea that morning: "Well, so our Dulari is going to have her first regular meal today! Eh? Now, let me see. You'd like curried fish, a nice piece of *surma*, eh? And of course, a young cauliflower will improve the taste. How about it?" Dulari's emaciated face became deeply furrowed with a few irregular curves of a sick child's smile. She hid her face in shame.

A cauliflower and a piece of fish, plus a lemon. Narayan could not go to market without at least a rupee in his pocket. But his entire capital consisted of four punched copper coins which he had fixed to Dulari's wooden horse to keep the wheels

from coming off. He had somehow been convinced that he would be able to sell his junk by eight and then to rush off to the bazaar. But all the rag-and-bone men seemed to have conspired to boycott their street that very day. Narayan was all agog, but could not hear even a faint call that morning. Should he run to some other street with his precious merchandise? That would, of course, bring down the price considerably, but it would solve the day's problem of a fish curry at any rate.

Sitting on a threadbare cushion on the floor, Dulari was gazing at the rice being cooked on the *sigree*, and was hurrying her mother from time to time. "Mummy, ask daddy to go to bazaar quick and get the fish," she whined pettishly. "The other *sigree* is free now. You could have cooked the fish a long time ago. I won't wait as soon as the rice is cooked. Oh, all right, I won't eat fish curry. I won't! I won't!" The child's sickness-stricken eyes were suffused with tears of helpless resentment. Narayan could hear and see all from his room. His eyes smarted as if someone had flung a handful of grit at them. He tried to check his tears by looking at the damp walls from which the plaster was paring off with accumulated humidity. The bare patches looked like sketches drawn by a gifted child. Human faces, some looking glum, others jolly as a sandboy, forms of various animals, trees and a number of most interesting designs. You had to follow the lines carefully and read each picture separately, and remember the contours lest they got lost and were merged in some other picture. Narayan took up a piece of paper and began to copy. Yes, he could write an article on those natural drawings. The Indian papers would not publish it. They were too busy with politics. So he would have to send it abroad. To America, for instance. And one day, weeks later, the postman would arrive with a draft for a hundred rupees. Then, suddenly, he remembered the present.

His mind was filled with a deep sorrow and a lurking sense of guilt. But what hadn't he given to the child when he could afford it? Toys, sweetmeats, new clothes, sprees in a taxi round the city, anything the little girl wanted. His pictures sold in those days. The magazine-editors used to send their representatives to picket in his house until they got their pictures.

Narayan Gupta—N.G.—was no longer a hot favourite. His figures were becoming too foreign-looking, the editors said. Not a drop of grace anywhere. Some accused him of copying from foreign journals, others indicted him for his supposed visits to some forbidden "European" district of the city. "So there you have it," they would say. "N.G.'s Indian women look like Anglo-Indian ladies in saris. Very likely they're images of those he visits on Saturday nights." And similar calumnies that are spread about a man when his luck is out. The critics came down heavily on him. He has painted himself out, they said. Now there was Amar Das! Ah, yes, here was a man who could depict the very soul of free India by means of a few lines. There were the marble pool and the fountain squirting rose water, and lotuses which wore the aspect of contorted Victoria Regina, and peacocks that looked like pheasants in peacock's plumes, and languid ladies doing their evening's *singar* with the assistance of half a dozen handmaids, each vying with the others in "grace" and "elegance."

Only two months ago Narayan had lost his job as drawing master in a school. His last resource had gone. The child knew nothing of these adult complications. Her four-year-old mind, which had bravely tided over the dark, all-extinguishing waves of fever, was now sore with one thought: "If daddy doesn't bring the fish before the rice is ready, I won't wait for it, I won't, I won't! I'll eat the rice with salt only. That'll teach them how to treat a poorly girl!"

Narayan was thinking that this was probably the keenest tragedy in his life. He still nursed the firm conviction that the rag-and-bone man was sure to come. But something prompted in his subconscious that he did not want the rag-and-bone man to come at all. The tragedy would then be complete. Why the momentary relief in the midst of continuous agony? True, he could imagine the day's tragedy even if the rag-and-bone man did come and bought his junk for double the price. But there would be something missing in that; that subtle touch of experience. No art is real if the pain of actual suffering is lacking.

He realised that a touching story could be written, taking that day's tragedy as a plot: the rag-and-bone man did not turn up and the convalescent child ate her rice with salt... There was a faint echo of a call somewhere in the distance. The same kind of sleepy, haunting drawl: "... lee-ee-ee!" He felt his mind rising in revolt against Fate. He was not to create art then! What irony! The tragedy was going to be wantonly marred by some evil Determinism which was using him as a plaything for its whims.

Narayan arranged his pile of newspapers, and wiped the dust-covered bottles with his handkerchief in order to give them an attractive shine. The cry was slowly approaching. It was floating over the neighbouring street like a paper boat

What
RICHARD CROSSMAN
said in the DAILY MIRROR

ABOUT THE BURGESS-MACLEAN CASE. "The White Paper itself makes it clear that many of the answers which Ministers were briefed to give were deliberate suppressions of the truth—and some of them were actual lies."

ABOUT DR. ADENAUER. "The Moscow conference between Adenauer and the Soviet leaders was a grave setback for Anglo-American diplomacy: we have been neatly outmanoeuvred."

ABOUT CYPRUS. "The way things are going in Cyprus, Sir Anthony is heading for another scuttle, as ignominious and unnecessary as Ernest Bevin's Palestine scuttle and Sir Winston's Suez scuttle."

read his articles regularly in the Mirror

that floats sluggishly on a creeping drain. Now it reached their street. Narayan's heart thumped with an unwelcome expectation. Now . . . now . . . now . . . He suddenly heard the call just outside the window. It was the tinker. What a relief! The rag-and-bone man was not there, after all. That would have shattered all his inspiration.

Narayan sat down to write out his story. A very short story. He did not know for a time how to begin. The story had to be absolutely bereft of all conventional padding and pretty tinsel. A true story, naked like life itself. His daughter's ailing, hungry face peeped into his mind from time to time. He went on setting only what had happened that day without trappings, in simple, every-day language, following every sequence faithfully, trying to reach the very heart of the incident.

There was someone standing objectionably outside the window, calling: "Babu! Babu!" He carried on his back a gunny bag with red patches. "No, no, I don't want anything." Narayan tried to send the importunate man away with a disgusted wave of his hand, not caring so much as to throw a glance at him. "Well, Babu, you said the other day that you ——" the other man wanted to put Narayan in mind of something or other. But Narayan refused to bother recalling what it was all about. No, he had no time. For goodness sake! . . .

He had written only a few lines when he could distinctly recognize the familiar cry: "B-a-at-tlee-ee-ee!" He jumped to his feet and rushed out of the house. The man had come at last! But where must he be? Narayan could still buy the piece of *surma* before the fish-wives left the bazaar. But what about the neat, rounded, perfect tragedy?—he asked himself, in two minds. Oh, let that be. He ran like mad from street to street, but could not find the rag-and-bone man. And yet the faint echo persistently floated somewhere in the air over the labyrinth of tortuous alleys and passages: ". . . ee-ee-ee! . . ." HIRANMOY GHOSHAL

The Arts and Entertainment

"Here We Are Again"

IT puts no sensible strain on the intuition to guess that whoever reviews the first week's programmes of Commercial Television will be required as a matter of form to say something about our ageing and rather prissy friend Social Impact. So let us get Social Impact off our chests right away, in spite of the fact that for obvious reasons no trustworthy verdict on this head can be delivered until the independent services have been running for several months at least. Only two of the first four companies to gain contracts are as yet on the air, and one at least of the second two—to say nothing of the numerous companies that will be operating later—may show more original and imaginative ideas of what popular TV should be. First indications suggest that the new pattern is to be depressingly like the old: indeed, in general range and style it has so far been a painstaking imitation.

The chief detectable difference at the moment is simply that viewers have twice the amount of material to choose from—but not anything like twice the variety and mercifully not twice the time. Not the staunchest Stiggins could maintain that any notable lowering of standards is at the moment visible (unless the Sabbatarians were to complain that Sunday's programme actually *started* with an advertisement!) Yet the fact remains that Robert Morley's assessment of commercialism (in his perfectly managed introduction to our first taste of "independent" drama) that "much worse things could happen to us than this," is, though fair enough, certainly not good enough. If TV is ever to become a stimulant rather than a drug and to measure up to its potentialities, *much* better things than this *must* happen, both to us and to it. To put matters the other way round: when Mr. Herbert Morrison described commercial television as "an enemy of reasonable culture," did he then mean to imply that B.B.C. television is reasonable culture's friend? (Come to that, what on earth is "reasonable culture"?).

I have no patience with that dwindling band of class-conscious defeatists who are still satisfied to sit back and deride or decry TV. On the contrary, I am certain it is destined to become the most potent instrument of communication of the age, and it is precisely because of this conviction that one searches so anxiously for signs that competition will bring new entrants into the field with the resource and imagination to seize the immeasurable opportunities it presents. In the preface to the new book which he and his wife have written, J. B. Priestley says that it is not in their working lives that a people best reveal their true selves and the character of their society: it is "when they are spending the money they have earned, when they are feeling easy and relaxed . . . that the pattern blazes out." When, let us say, they are watching TV. "And," Priestley adds, "what is tonight for them, may be tomorrow night for the rest of us."

That is the challenge. But popular taste in entertainment being what it is, and the programme companies not having entered the business merely for their own or the citizens' health, what should we reasonably expect? How many hours a week, let us say, of the kind of programme an educated person who has laid out the necessary capital to install a television set wants, should be enough to satisfy him he is getting a reasonable return for his money? On a rough and ready estimate (and allowing for personal prejudice and predilection) I reckon that in the first five days of competitive television there were about 4½ hours of such material on I.T.A. (not counting in News or Sport), and on the B.B.C. roughly the same. Of serious I.T.A. programmes, outstanding was "Free Speech," the half-hour political discussion between Boothby, Foot, Brown and Taylor (Kenneth Adam in the chair) brought over from B.B.C. This was good, intelligent debating without pulled punches and with a minimum of irritating private badinage; but it was not new. Orson Welles, a TV "natural," promises some adult stuff in his new travel series, and the "Sunday Afternoon" programme offered some hints of gold (Dame Edith Sitwell, looking like a lovely, eroded Gothic statue, reciting a poem by Donne).

But such oases are apt to be buried beneath the limitless familiar deserts of Variety, different only from the Lime Grove species in being put over with rather more punch and polish. And cannot our commercial geniuses invent any improvement on those wholly unrevealing "interviews" in which the interviewer does all the talking? ("You met your husband in Leeds, didn't you Mrs. X?" "Yes I met my husband in Leeds." "I think it was on your birthday wasn't it?" "That's right, it was on my birthday.") It is easy to predict success for some of the new popular features, but where are the fresh ideas, the programmes of real distinction? The sheet-anchor of TV is still mammoth Variety. The trouble with these shows is not that they are noisy and vulgar—they are, after all, the nearest present-day equivalent of the old music-hall, whose vulgarity was the high-brow's delight. One's objection, on the contrary, is in a sense that they are not brassy or vulgar enough, that on TV they have no *size*. What one would enjoy in the music-hall itself, with its sense of "occasion," its warm human intercourse and flow of emotions, its tinsel and glow, falls as flat as putty on the small, grey, two-dimensional, domestic screen. It won't translate. I am convinced that a new technique of TV variety, custom-built to the medium, is waiting to be designed. Meanwhile the audience continue to roll in the aisles—or rather, on the hearth—and the Parnells who purvey to perfection the Palladium formula may be right in calculating that they can get away with the old stuff indefinitely.

If the programmes themselves lack original treatment, so surprisingly do the advertising plugs. On the very first evening curiosity ousted all other reactions, but by the closing periods of Friday's programmes I found mild irritation already setting in and by the time we reached *A Month in the Country* this mid-week, it had blazed out into right fury. But curiosity lingers in one respect: will these trite, conventional, childish little items *sell* anything? As an astonishing number of them adopt a fake-Disney technique accompanied by an idiot-child obbligato, maybe young children will like them, in rather the same way as they now choose their breakfast cereal not for what the packet contains but for the strip-cartoon or cut-out on the packet itself. One small but interesting piece of social intelligence the plugs have brought me. I don't know what Miss Mitford's ruling may be, but in the opinion of I.T.A. advertisers it is definitely non-U to pronounce "margarine" with a soft G.

GERALD BARRY

Blondes, Brunettes and Blues

"My Sister Eileen" and "The Night Holds Terror," at the Gaumont

"Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," at the London Pavilion

"Pete Kelly's Blues," at Warner's

"Lucy Gallant," at the Plaza

My Sister Eileen is a guilelessly charming film, full of life and gaiety and goodness, if the word does not have a pseudo ring about it when applied to a film. This story of the two sisters, writer Ruth and actress blonde Eileen, up from Ohio to storm New York, must be one of the most successful of all time; it is as irresistible as the dropping guillotine. Each time we see it, it slices our rational responses cleanly off. We then not merely suspend disbelief but throw it, whooping, over the windmill. That the sisters don't make a big impact on the city, that every boy dates Eileen while ignoring Ruth, is hardly germane to what gives this film its satisfying and heady atmosphere. This is the tight yet firm integration of the city's life with the sisters' story, so that the action, singing, dancing—much of it brilliant—the comedy and sentiment, spring naturally from these surroundings, like wild flowers in rocky screes. Betty Garrett, as the girl no boy will look at once if he can look at sister Eileen twice, gives a tenderly gawky and true performance that does not lack an occasionally necessary astringency.

But this is a musical of taste and abundant good nature. For something loud, brassy and basically worthless *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* should fit. It has but two things in its favour. It is set in Paris and some of the CinemaScope scenes of the city are lovely, and since it is from Miss Anita Loos's book some of the wit crackles. But the film's platinum hardness, its chromium glitter, swamp this little originality. The story again concerns two sisters, both troupers this time, one magnetically attractive, who go to Paris to set all hearts (male) aflame as their mother and aunt had done to no little effect in the Twenties. An unknown admirer starts filling their rooms with the entire contents of the Sears Roebuck catalogue (American edition) and soon they are as

exotically popular as their dear old mom was. Yet what they lack and the whole film with them—and what mom despite her failings certainly didn't—is style, any style. This film is simply a roaring, raucous jumble. None of the participants, Jane Russell, Janet Leigh and Scott Brady, is other than smeared on the film's surface. A few minutes with Dreft and this surface would be clean and you could at least see Paris clearly.

Pete Kelly's Blues, stemming from the hooch-ridden Twenties, was another bonanza. The seedy authenticity of Pete's life, his razzmatazz blues ensemble, the speakeasies in which he blows his trumpet, his one-night stomps to house parties where hostesses fall with monotonous regularity into fountains and where everyone has been pie-eyed for a week in preparation—these cause an ache of regret; like that for the fabulous party we missed. The whisky comes from tea urns, the champagne is given artificial respiration; only the labels on the bottles are genuine and the guns in the violin cases, for racketeers are scalping all profits. The film is directed by Jack Webb with a keen eye and a steady hand for period. More's the pity then that it is spoilt by a denouement which allows a trumpeter who never hit more than high C in life to best three experienced dead-eye Dicks in automatic-play.

The Night Holds Terror is a claustrophobically believable thriller, and *Lucy Gallant* parallels the oil pioneering spirit it depicts by pioneering the patience of the audience. It doesn't strike it rich.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

A New Voice

WITH his first play, *The Mulberry Bush*, produced this week at the Bristol Old Vic, Mr. Angus Wilson announces himself as a brilliant new acquisition to the theatre—given two obvious conditions; first that the theatre will welcome him, secondly that he is prepared to go on writing for the stage in spite of the obstacles which managers, for all their professions, pile up in the path of new writers. Mr. Angus Wilson is not the only distinguished novelist to have a play lying around Shaftesbury Avenue unproduced for over a year; and if the theatre continually kicks its gift horses in the teeth, it can hardly be surprised if it finds itself short of its primary raw material. Any manager with real foresight would make sure that a writer of this talent would continue to produce a series of plays for him on the strength only of two qualities signally displayed in *The Mulberry Bush*. First, Mr. Wilson writes brilliant dialogue which is witty, idiosyncratic and refreshingly of the moment; and secondly he introduces us to, and brings vividly alive for us, a set of characters completely fresh to the stage and astonishingly untainted by those conventions which gather like soft moss round so many stage characters; and further, they really are living by the kind of values which operate in our time. But theatrical managers, it seems, have not yet got round to thinking ahead in terms of a writer's possibilities and the potential body of his work. They try each play singly as a commodity and estimate its marketable value as such, and I shall not be altogether surprised if *The Mulberry Bush* is not thought a safe gamble in its present form.

No doubt the blanketing old cliché "a novelist's play" will be much in evidence over this work. But it is necessary to distinguish; it is true, I think, that Mr. Wilson's story is too complex and cluttered to come clearly across in the theatre. It has not the necessary simplicity of action; it needs, as the cooks say, reducing. But that is the only respect in which Mr. Wilson has not yet quite come to terms with the medium. His people are presented in the most clear and lively dramatic terms. Rose Padley, the wife of the retiring warden of an Oxford college, is a stout defender of the rationalist reforms and also the grandmother of a large family. She is a Dear Octopus and a Beatrice Webb rolled into one. Sitting on innumerable commissions and committees, she embodies the tradition of liberal good works, of tolerance, decency and philanthropy; and her son (now dead) has become widely known and respected for his work for the liberal causes of sexual and social problems. In the young, the third generation of Padleys, the tradition has gone sour; they are disillusioned. Only the granddaughter retains a starry-eyed belief in the liberal values as her dead father represented them. A lesser writer would have been content simply to engineer her disillusionment; but Mr. Wilson (and this dramatically is his great difficulty) wants to insist that she mustn't throw out the baby with the bath water; she must learn to lose her delusions about people without losing the idealism by which the family have lived. The point is made but only just, and certainly doesn't come through as the main dramatic theme.

The play, in short, is badly over-plotted; with a very much simpler thread Mr. Wilson's interesting characters would, by themselves, make his point in something much nearer social comedy. Rose Padley is a most full and complete character and Miss Mary Hinton gets exactly the right note for her, the note of the perfectly self-assured, natural organiser, too busy with important jobs to stop and question her effect on others. Then there are two sharply amusing Angus Wilson dodo characters, the genteel and fey Mrs. Loughton-Moore, hit off with faithful archness by Miss Viola Lyel, and the seedy Captain Walcott, which brings a happy chance to Mr. Alan Dobie. The little German Iago (though he might well be toned down somewhat in production) is an interesting invention, who forces on Rose Padley a problem she has never had the time to think about, the problem of the irreclaimable. These, with a leading young man who is hard and sensible without being disillusioned (Mr. Eric Porter is particularly successful in avoiding here what might have come out as mere priggishness) perfectly establish Mr. Wilson's world. What is so fresh and exhilerating about this play is that we are seeing on the stage (after too long a time) contemporary people involved in the moral problems that have shaped and are shaping our own lives, and who express themselves in terms which are in current use. We are, for once in the theatre, not fifty years behind the times, and it is interesting that the audience responded to that. It is only the mechanics of the play that are old-fashioned and it is precisely the old-fashionedness of them that prevents it making as clean an impact as it should. A fortnight's work in the light of what he has learnt by this production would transform Mr. Wilson's play; and it would be worth the effort. For in *The Mulberry Bush*, whatever its present imperfections, Mr. Angus Wilson speaks in the theatre with a confident new voice, and new voices are just what the theatre is dying for lack of.

The Bristol Old Vic show their usual enterprise in putting this play on for us. The producer, Mr. André van Gyseghem, and the actors have had a difficult time, for they have had to avoid the conventions and learn a new language of characters and ideas. On the whole, they come out of it well.

If you missed *Waiting for Godot* at the Arts, there is still a chance of seeing it, for it has been moved with some daring to the Criterion, where Mr. Hugh Burden has successfully taken over the part played by Paul Daneman. This curious freak of a play is all the same so powerful that it will haunt you long after it is over.

T. C. WORSLEY

Michael Ayrton

IT is more difficult to be just to Ayrton than to any of his contemporaries (he was born in 1921), for he is a man and painter full of contradictions. He is an artist whose rare intelligence is often at war with his talent, and yet who always uses his talent intelligently. He is the most painstaking worker and yet his works can be slick. His vision is often very subjective and yet his observation is often over-literal. He has been highly successful and yet is largely misunderstood and underestimated. Most of his paintings are harsh to look at and to think about, yet their motive is one of the utmost tenderness. The list could continue for pages.

His retrospective exhibition at Whitechapel (1945-55) includes his early romantic landscapes which, although set in daylight, are full of the mystery, the exaggerating deceptions and the brittle precision of moonlight (an ear of wheat becoming a jewelled brooch): his Italian scenes of men pruning vines, based on the stark silhouette which can reveal the sharpness of a cactus growing from intangible heat (the spike as a concentration of energy against an infinite perspective): his interiors—not conversation pieces but pictures of figures whose familiarity with one another is suddenly made tense by some undescribed gesture

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that sets each of them apart in loneliness: his shepherds, apparently completely unallegorical, but somehow suggesting a premonition (rather than a memory) of the Old Testament; his 1953-54 naturalistic still lives, a little like coloured photographs: his street and piazza "tableaux" in which youth and age, passion and boredom present their climaxes for the spectator to resolve: his new portrait of Wyndham Lewis and paintings of Spanish fairs, and examples of his recent beginnings in sculpture—mostly nude modelled figures.

After study, three significant facts emerge; that Ayrton has steadily progressed—his latest works are his best; that all his works, as he admits, are based on high emotional tension—this tension, however, is an inward one: the eyes of every figure he has painted are unseeing, withdrawn; that in almost all, except his latest works, there is a formal, plastic failure.

The nature of this failure is extremely important Ayrton is a very competent draughtsman and a most knowledgeable, conscious designer. He has failed through his honesty to his aims, not through any lack of ability. He himself says that he works at "compressing" his feelings, challenging passion with "dispassion." Crudely speaking, his failure is that his forms have been too "tight"; they have not interlocked like working joints but have become almost arthritic. More precisely, each form—an arm, a head, a fold—has been whittled, "compressed" to a maximum drama, leaving no room for its relationship to the drama of the next form. In, for example, the *Woman with a Vase*, the distorted, swollen hip has its own logic and justification of excitement—one can see why the sculptor's fingertips lead him to make it like that—but it nevertheless makes the leg supporting it absurd. It is here that the unseeing eyes become relevant for it is as though Ayrton himself, like Wyndham Lewis, blind in his portrait and like the blind girl feeling a piece of sculpture in another of his paintings, or like all his withdrawn, isolated protagonists, can only work by fitting a sequence of intensely apprehended details into a pre-established framework of memory and knowledge. For Ayrton the whole can only be arrived at by the most passionate checking of all the parts; it can never be accepted straightforwardly. Every part is reduced to the finality of the bone and the flesh is only a covering, not a connection.

As I have said, I believe the reason for this is Ayrton's honesty. He says he is a romantic striving for classicism. I think that more pointedly he is an artist of our society, an outcast left only with his own feelings, who wants to be objective, to be truthful about other people. His struggle in every inch he paints is to cram his own feelings into the structure of the objective truth and yet always to test, check, worry, whether in doing so he is violating either. Very few undertake that struggle today.

The solution? It does not, I think, lie in the dead-pan objectivity of his still lives—though these may have served their purpose for him. Nor do I believe—as my opponents might suppose—that the solution for Ayrton is to become overnight a fighting, self-effacing Socialist. Political convictions in an artist must grow from the very heart of his imagination. The best solution is the one that Ayrton is finding himself. In his most moving and broad portrait of Wyndham Lewis, in his profound painting of the desolate face of a fair dwarf, in some of his Spanish lithographs and in his small, tough models of jack-knife acrobats and bathers, he is beginning to use all the conflicts of his own experience to *understand* the tragedy or energy of his subject matter, instead of using his subject matter as a justification, a dramatic container for his own emotions. The tension between the parts in his latest works is no longer disruptive like that of tug of war, but productive like that of a revolving wheel. For Ayrton his choice of subject will always be critical. If he paints what he can know, and resists the temptation of inventing to dramatise his own struggles, he will continue to achieve his ambition of making "statements about human beings in relation to one another, which are also works of art." He deserves to do this.

John Bratby's new paintings at the Beaux Arts, Bernard Gay's exquisite landscapes at the Piccadilly Gallery, Jacob Pin's wood-cuts at the Ben Uri, William Ohly's watercolours at the Berkeley Gallery and Dezso Konig's pictures of Negroes in South Africa at the Imperial Institute, are all well worth seeking out.

JOHN BERGER

Opera Everywhere

Last week opera was running simultaneously at three London theatres as well as at the Festival Hall, and there were indications that saturation point had been reached. Sadler's Wells opened the new season with a revival of *Rigoletto* which did not show the company at its best: none of the principals seemed fully at home in their music, the production was alternately commonplace and needlessly eccentric, and Sparafucile's riverside inn was a curiously "artistic" specimen of chinoiserie. At the Palace, an Italian company has begun a month of cast-iron favourites presented very much on the cheap as regards scenery, chorus and orchestra, but with some reasonably accomplished singing in some of the principal roles. The performance of *Madame Butterfly* was made interesting by the presence of a Japanese heroine in July Imai: entirely credible and touching in appearance and stage behaviour, she used her taking little thread of voice with such taste and sincerity, and with so vivid a sense of the meaning of text and music, as to excuse its patent inadequacy in the climaxes. The English Opera Group has begun its autumn tour with a fortnight at the Scala, during which they have repeated their marvellous realisation of *The Turn of the Screw* (an experience which no musical person should deny himself), concocted an attractive new double bill out of *Façade* and Berkeley's *Dinner Engagement*, and presented a revival of *Let's Make an Opera*, with some desirable shortening of the preliminary (non-musical) act, which was noteworthy (on the first night) for the brilliantly accurate performance of the audience in the once tricky and unfamiliar interlude-choruses.

D. S.-T.

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

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NEW BOOKS NOTES

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Correspondence

WEST INDIAN IN BRITAIN

SIR,—West Indians will be grateful to Norman MacKenzie for his account of Jamaican conditions. There is, however, an immediate situation developing that may make his estimate of 200,000 Jamaican migrants to Britain in the next ten years ridiculously conservative; and that is the price system applied to our sugar, bananas and citrus exported to Britain. Our sugar industry gives direct employment to 70,000 workers and small farmers. Bananas provide gainful employment for a further 70,000; and citrus rounds off the occupational figure at 150,000—just about one-quarter of our total labour force.

Production of these three crops has been actively encouraged by the British Government since 1947. Incentives both as to guaranteed markets here and good prices were provided. And these sensible efforts met with a vigorous response at home. In eight years we more than doubled sugar and banana output, trebled our citrus production. Now, as we approach the 1956 crop periods, the prospects are truly gloomy, particularly for sugar and bananas. Field wages in the banana plantations are 5s. 6d. per day for men, 4s. 6d. for women. Our Chief Minister, Mr. Manley, concluded an agreement with the British Government last month that provides some measure of price stabilisation for the growers over the next five years. But one important result of the agreement is the freezing of wages (at 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per day) for the period. What is more, the price the growers now receive—9s. per count bunch—is not likely to be reduced, but even more certainly will not be increased; so with even modest increases in the cost of living over the next five years these growers are bound to suffer a drop in their living standards.

The sugar situation is even worse. By international agreement, Jamaica's quota is restricted to 320,000 tons annually, including 50,000 tons for internal consumption. This year we produced 395,000 tons (part of the production spiral that was stimulated from 1947); next year we will produce not less than 400,000 tons. These surpluses, of course, cannot be sold. So when we go into the 1957 crop we will have nearly one-half of our quota for that year already on hand. There will, then, be no need for more than half of the normal grinding season (average: five months), with the consequent halving of employment for 70,000 sugar workers.

But the picture is still incomplete. For the past two years our sugar producers have taken two price cuts from the British Government on the 188,000 tons exported to Britain. Result: for two years now the sugar workers got no wage increases, only a small bonus for each crop period. And now British officials are engaged in negotiations with delegates of our producers (along with other Commonwealth producers) that are aimed at revising the whole price system with the object of further price reductions for the 1956 sugar. If this objective is achieved, our sugar producers will no doubt start a process of ruthless rationalisation at home within a few months. This, added to the surpluses that will be carried over into 1957, may throw a total of 20-25,000 out of gainful employment by that year.

I am confident that these displaced workers are not going to sit down and rot away. They are hard-working and resourceful. They will scrape together the needed funds and join the trek to Britain. Few, if any, will see the ironic justice that underlies their trek. But they will be coming just the same.

FRANK HILL
General Secretary
Trades Union Congress of Jamaica.

SIR,—There seems to be some confusion in the last stages of Mr. Clifford Tolchard's letter in your issue of September 24. National Assistance Grants are not made "from the same funds" as Unemployment Benefit. National Assistance is paid direct by the Exchequer whilst Unemployment Benefit comes from a separate fund consisting of the contributions of employers and employees, plus a certain percentage

from Government revenue. The granting of Unemployment Benefit is subject to certain criteria. One of them is, as Mr. Tolchard's example indicates, the manner in which the claimant became unemployed. National Assistance, however, is granted solely on the basis of need. If the person in Mr. Tolchard's example were willing to undergo a means test and prove his need, like the West Indian immigrants, he would, like them, be eligible for a National Assistance Grant.

There is, therefore, no reason for discriminating against the West Indian immigrant on the grounds that he is profiting from the heavy National Insurance contributions of the English worker.

Canterbury. P. COOK

PRIVATE PRACTICE AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Consultant waxes indignant because anyone dares to criticise private practice. As it benefits him and his friends, he is not concerned about the evils inherent in it.

He says that "the essential change in 1948 was one of finance"—specialists are now adequately paid for the hospital work they formerly did free—and what is the result? One reader has written to me pointing out that: "It is not only the Conservative Party that takes the view that free treatment under the N.H.S. is an act of charity. This idea prevails throughout the teaching hospitals in London, and 80 per cent. of the staff are imbued with it." In fact, most of the complaints about the N.H.S. come from people who feel that they would have received better or more courteous treatment if they had been private patients.

Apparently Consultant is not worried about the length of the ordinary waiting lists, but presumably he would agree that the reason for, say, taking out a child's tonsils is to improve its general health. And whether it has them out within a week or a year now often depends on whether its parents can afford private treatment.

He would have us believe that if specialists were not allowed private practice under the N.H.S. it would benefit only the "capitalist" owners of nursing homes, and would divert money from the Treasury. But even if this were true, it is no valid reason why the State should allow "this trafficking in human suffering" (as Axel Munthe called private practice) within its hospitals. If patients want to go into private nursing homes (and probably few would, if all received satisfactory treatment under the N.H.S.) that is their affair.

Far from being a source of revenue to the Treasury, private beds are often a dead loss. An inquiry by Mr. Macleod showed that less than half were occupied by private patients, and nearly a third lay empty most of the time. The only persons who benefit from these pay-beds are the "capitalist" doctors and their private patients.

MEDICAL SPECIALIST

THE GOLD COAST CONSTITUTION

SIR,—Dr. Danquah will certainly be flattered by your reference to him as "Dr. Nkrumah's most disinguished political opponent on the Gold Coast." But this is hardly fair to Mr. S. D. Dombo, Leader of the Northern People's Party (N.P.P.), the official opposition party in the Legislative Assembly. In order to keep the record straight, permit me to point out that Dr. Danquah was not only badly beaten at the last general election by his nephew, a C.P.P. candidate, but the Ghana Congress Party, of which he was the parliamentary leader, had its representation reduced from about a dozen to one. Dr. Danquah has no mandate to speak for any organised body of public opinion in our country and can speak only for himself.

Having been defeated by the common people, Dr. Danquah gave his ready support to the latest body of dissidents and reactionaries to appear in the Gold Coast—the Ashanti tribalist and separatist self-styled National Liberation Movement, founded by Nana Bafuor Osei Akoto, the chief linguist of the Asantahene. This movement draws its main support from certain (by no means all) Ashanti paramount chiefs who are opposed to the introduction of parliamentary democracy and the representation of the common people in the councils of government—both central and local. These traditionalists, in alliance with a number of disappointed politicians, several of whom failed to obtain C.P.P. nomination at the last general election, are hoping to use the N.L.M. as an instrument to regain the powers enjoyed by the chiefs before C.P.P. government.

Despite the provocative behaviour of these people, Dr. Nkrumah has twice extended an invitation to the N.L.M. leaders and the chiefs of the Asanteman Council who support them to a round-table conference on constitutional matters. Both invitations were rejected on the ground that such a conference is useless unless the Government are prepared *in advance* to agree to resign office and set up a Constituent Assembly pledged to the adoption of a federal form of constitution on lines laid down by the N.L.M. To break the deadlock, the Prime Minister, after consulting with the Leader of the Official Opposition, agreed to the appointment of a Select Committee of the Assembly. Yet on the day when the motion was moved, the Leader of the Opposition walked out with his supporters. The Speaker nevertheless proceeded to appoint the Committee, which has since reported to the Assembly against federation and the Second Chamber, but recommended the establishment of Regional Councils for the principal administrative regions, the Colony, Ashanti, Northern Territories, and Trans-Volta. The Assembly endorsed the findings of the Select Committee and the Government has accepted them.

While these proposals were being debated in the Assembly, following a second walk-out of the Opposition members, the Asanteman Council and N.L.M. despatched their most distinguished intellectual adviser to London to ask the Secretary of State to appoint a constitutional expert to visit the Gold Coast. Professor Busia was informed that such a request could only be considered if it came from the constitutionally elected Government, and was advised to inform his political colleagues that they should either accept the Prime Minister's invitation to a round-table discussion or submit their proposals for a federal constitution to the Governor for transmission to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Thus admonished, the Asanteman Council and the N.L.M. leaders who had hitherto refused to put out a programme or proposals of any kind, have come forward with a draft for a constitution which would load upon a country of 4½ million people five separate legislatures, of two chambers each; five separate Cabinets, headed by the Prime Minister; five separate judiciaries, headed by Chief Justices; as well as five separate administrative services. If Dr. Danquah considers that this draft contains the only comprehensive proposals for an alternative constitution to have been put before the people and their chiefs, it is a pity he did not dilate on them, and thus give the British reader a better idea of what the N.L.M. is aiming at.

ROBERT TETE MENSA ANNAN

3 Tetcott Road,
S.W.

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Mr. Berlin suggests that one of the tests of a true science is capacity for correct prediction, and that by this test Marx has "notoriously" failed. Is this quite such an obvious truth as he wishes to suggest? Burckhardt, De Maistre and Dostoievsky did, as Mr. Berlin says, spot a few winners, and in Burckhardt's case this was more than a lucky accident. But little service is done to a man of genius by exaggerating a subsidiary achievement. Marx, on the other hand, forecast the lines on which he thought Socialist society would be built, and action taken by men calling themselves Marxists has led to the establishment of Socialism over a large part of the globe. This, whether we like it or not, is an achievement of quite a different order from Burckhardt's, and is not affected by the fact that not all of Marx's detailed predictions came off.

When Mr. Berlin says "No educated person would today seek to deny the paramount influence, for good or ill (or both) of Marxism on all forms of historical writing," he presumably excludes Mr. Trevor-Roper from the category of the educated; for

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Dr. Hobsbawm's original protest was called forth by Mr. Trevor-Roper's statement that "as a historian" Marx "is as dead as mutton." On this point I agree with Mr. Berlin, but I find it difficult to see how he regards himself as in agreement with Mr. Trevor-Roper.

Burying Marx has been a favourite indoor sport with academics for at least two generations now; notwithstanding which there are flourishing schools of Marxist historians in many countries, including our own. But Marx's influence spreads far beyond those who account themselves Marxists. When we find even a conservative historian like Sir John Neale saying that Marx "has had something to do with" the new approach whose most distinguished exponent is the conservative Sir Lewis Namier, we should be perhaps a little more cautious than Mr. Trevor-Roper in asserting the deadness of Marx, even as a historian.

CHRISTOPHER HILL

Balliol College, Oxford.

BETTER TEETH

SIR,—The article on "Better Teeth" by Ffrangcon Roberts gives a reasoned plea for fluoridation of water as a means of reducing tooth decay. Unfortunately, Dr. Roberts seems unaware of the causes of tooth decay and of the more obvious and more dramatic way to reduce its incidence. This way is to abstain from eating sweets.

Teeth decay by corrosion from lactic acid, which is the final product of decomposition of particles of carbohydrate foods attached to the teeth; this decomposition is carried out by enzymes and bacteria present in the mouth. The main carbohydrate food involved is sugar, since starches must first be converted to sugar, a slow process compared with the speed of formation of lactic acid from sugar. Also starches are usually washed off the teeth easily, whereas sugar, particularly in the form of sweets, sticks to the teeth and is often taken between meals.

The U.K. is the largest consumer of sweets of any country in the world. We consume just under 9oz. per head per week as compared with 6oz. in New Zealand, 5oz. in the U.S. and 2oz. in France. The Ministry of Health is at present conducting a campaign in schools against the indiscriminate consumption of sweets. This campaign is more important than the fluoridation of water, since it gets at the origin of dental caries.

V. R. GRAY

Cheltenham.

LEO AMERY

SIR,—In his reference this week to Leo Amery "Critic" says: "If the Tories had won the 1945 election, and Amery had been in charge of India, I have no doubt whatever that Britain would have been involved in a hopeless and dishonouring war in India."

This is demonstrably unfair. No one can say with certainty what the Indian policy of a Tory Cabinet might have been; but the attitude of Amery himself was, as usual, courageous and uncompromising. As Secretary of State he paved the way for the transfer of power. Thereafter, in two letters of historic importance to *The Times*, he gave the full weight of his support first to the proposals of Mr. Attlee's Government, and second to the fateful decision to implement them without further delay. These letters had a decisive effect in India, and upon the Conservative Party; and enabled the grant of freedom to be made, on behalf of the nation, by the House of Commons as a whole.

Holding the views he did, it is inconceivable that Leo Amery would have remained in office if he had not had his way. Herein lay his glory. There was never any doubt about where he stood on great issues. His moral courage and intellectual integrity were both absolute.

ROBERT BOOTHBY

NEW LUTES OF JADE

SIR,—Should not Mr. Wu Shih-Ch'ang send you his own exquisite and exact English rendering of Mao Tse-tung's Chinese, as it is printed on p. 896 of the edition he quotes, at the end of the fourth section of Mao's lecture on "Art and Literature"?

Translation from Chinese, even from Mao's modern colloquial, is, it seems, open to some latitude of interpretation. The undersigned imperfect scholar, while observing that what Mr. Wu denies nevertheless appears to be there, awaits the next volume of Lawrence and Wishart's English translation. In the meantime, the official Russian translator (*Moscow*, 1953, *Volume* 4, *p.* 166) makes Mao say that if any proletarian Chinese writer shows a creative spirit which can be described as "feudal, bourgeois, petit-bourgeois, liberal, individualist, nihilist, æsthetic, aristocratic, decadent, pessimistic, or in other ways not springing from the people and not proletarian," then that spirit must be "destroyed."

Will Mr. Wu maintain that the Moscow translation, as well as the *Manchester Guardian's*, is "of course" wrong? It seems that Sagittarius hit the bull's eye. Some of the classics of the past are certainly reprinted, as Mr. Wu says, but that is not the point. Is it not unwise, in view of Mao's warning, and recent events, for a Chinese poet today to let his creative spirit run quite freely?

D. E. MAURICE

9 Vine Road, S.W.13.

[We have referred this letter to Mr. Wu, who replies that he has found the alleged statement of Mao Tse-tung in the shortened translation of the original 1953 edition of the "Selected Works," *Vol.* 3, *page* 896. "There are bad errors of translation, and the passage, as quoted by the *Manchester Guardian*, is so twisted and reduced as to be with difficulty identified. The whole section is a discussion of the writer's 'working morale' (ch'uang-tso ch'ing-hsu), literally 'writing mood,' a problem previously raised in the Forum. Nowhere in this section is the term 'creative spirit' (ch'uang-chao ching-sheng) used. The words so translated would be better rendered 'working mood' or 'morale,' and the word 'destroyed' only means 'broken' or 'got rid of.'" —ED., *N. S. & N.*]

GRAVES, GODS & PSYCHOANALYSTS

SIR,—Jungian psychological findings based on Jungian speculative theory are *not* clinical evidence; the subject not only dreams archetypal dreams under suggestion from the Jungian analyst but convinces him of the truth of his theory—the suggestibility of the analyst being an element not usually taken into consideration. Dr. Noble, the Cambridge psychiatrist, has published the notes he took during a three months' Freudian treatment, and those he took during a subsequent three months' Jungian treatment in the Twenties. The dreams he dreamed in each case obeyed the symbological theory of the practitioner, and he records that he has never dreamed either type of dream since, nor had he before.

Miss Jacquetta Hawkes, I notice, breaks no lance for Freud; my objection to Mr. Branston's book on Scandinavian mythology was also that he had fallen, lazily, for Freudian theory. I wrote:

"Mr. Branston is at his least felicitous when he writes that:

> Like the Hindu *Lingam*, Yggdrasill must be the macrocosm of the erect phallus and all it stands for, not only as regards the fulfilment of the individual but also as regards the procreation and continuance of the human race.

He then presses the analogy with intimate physical detail."

I should far rather believe that, since "Yggdrasill" is known to have meant "the horse that Yggr (Odin) rode," and since Odin is known to have been the god of runes and wisdom, the tree in this context represents the whole sum of organised human learning; which seems to have been in the same parlous state then as now. A dragon, Mr. Branston tells us, gnawed at the root, and four stags nibbled at the bark, thus keeping the Three Norns busy plastering Yggdrasill with mud to keep it alive. Am I being "laboriously ingenious" again? Or does this make simple historic sense? And if Freud and Jung had been alive when this myth was invented, would the mythographer have added a couple more dragons, or a couple more stags?

ROBERT GRAVES

BOOKS IN GENERAL

He Knew He Was Right

THE comfort we get from Trollope's novels is the sedative of gossip. It is not cynical gossip for Trollope himself is the honest check on the self-deceptions of his characters, on their malicious lies or interested half-truths about each other. It is he, a workaday surrogate of God, sincere, sturdy, shrewd and unhopeful, who has the key. Trollope does not go with us into the dangerous region that lies just outside our affairs and from which we draw our will to live; rather, he settles lazily into that part of our lives which is a substitute, the part which avoids loneliness by living vicariously in other people. If it is a true generalisation—as some say—that the English, being unimaginative, are able to live without hope but not without the pleasure of thinking they are better than their neighbours, Trollope's are the most English of our novels. But the generalisation is not true. Trollope himself—as Mr. Cockshut says in a very intelligent new study*—is saved by eccentricity. There is something fervent, even extreme, in his admiration of endurance. He was a man whose temper could flare up. His preoccupation with what is normal is the intense one of a man who has had to gain acquaintance with normality from an abnormal situation outside it. His special eccentricities are his mania for work and his passion for spending energy. From his point of view, novel-writing was obsessional. It convinced him that he, the outsider in a society of powerful groups of people, was justified in being alive. Even his most contented novels leave an aftertaste of flatness and sadness. He has succeeded in his assertions, to the point of conveying a personal satiety.

The plots of Trollope and Henry James have much in common. But if we compare a novel like *The Eustace Diamonds*, one of the most ingenious of Trollope's conundrums, with, say, Henry James's *The Spoils of Poynton*, we see the difference between a pragmatic gossip and an artist of richer sensibility. Sense, not sensibility, governs Trollope; it is fine good sense and, though he lumbers along, most notable for the subtlety of its timing. He is an excellent administrator and politician of private life. But whereas James saw how the magnificent spoils of the Poynton family could corrupt by their very beauty, Trollope did not envisage anything morally ambiguous in the imbroglio of the Eustace diamonds. The *Spoils* were treasure; the *Diamonds* are property. The former are made for the moral law; the latter for the courts. It is true, as Mr. Cockshut says, that the brilliantly delayed climax where Dove, the lawyer, points out the stones are worthless, has its overtones. But to Trollope's imagination the diamonds are ultimately meaningless; one might defend the wicked Lady Eustace and say that she alone gave them a symbolical meaning. They at least stand for her will. But Trollope in fact dislikes her childish will as much as her propensity for lying; her poetic side is shown to be false. One wonders if he could have portrayed it if it had been genuine. She is a perjurer, a bitch and a coquette and, quite rightly, ends up as a bore; but in a novel filled with irritable and spiritless people, she is the one figure of spirit. Trollope merely knows that she is wrong.

With all his mastery, Trollope is only interested in what people are like, not in what they are for. The limitation comes out most clearly in his political novels when we see how politics work and never for what purpose, beyond those of personal career. Some critics have put down this fundamental virtue of Trollope to his good-natured and sensible acceptance of mid-Victorian society, and would say that he accepted his world just as Jane Austen accepted hers. Others—and I think Mr. Cockshut would be among them—point to his constitutional melancholy. It has the effect of devitalising his characters. I do not mean that old harridans like Lady Linlithgow, the delightful self-willed Lady Glencora, or Lord George in *The Eustace Diamonds* lack personal vitality; the deficiency is in artistic vitality. If we compare the portrait of Lady Eustace with Thackeray's Becky Sharp it is interesting to see how much passivity there is in Lady Eustace and how much greater is the adventuress than the stubborn fool. Lady Eustace drifts. Her wickednesses are many, but they are small. She is little more than a tedious *intrigante* who relies on chance. She, of course, succeeds with us because of her obstinacy, her wit, her courage, her seductiveness and her beauty and because her wickedness is that of a child. Indeed Lord George, the "corsair," pats her on the head and treats her as such. Becky is a more positive and interesting figure of evil because she is grown up.

In *The Eustace Diamonds*, there are only two moments when Trollope breaks through his melancholy to write out of strong feeling. The first is an unpleasant outbreak: the anti-semitism of his portrait of Mr. Emilius, "the greasy Jew." Trollope, honest observer that he is, notes that Lady Eustace is far from being physically repelled by the preacher who is said to be repulsive. The female masochist—as Mr. Cockshut says—has recognised a master, the coquette her master-hypocrite. The second outbreak occurs in describing the brutal, forced engagement of Lucinda Roanoke to Sir Griffin, and the violence with which the Amazon repels him when he tries to take her on his knee. Here the revulsion is physical. These are two disconcerting glimpses into the Trollopian alcove and both are blatant. Trollope with his blood up is better seen on the hunting field; he will be kinder there to the women who are to be humiliated.

Mr. Cockshut has read the whole of Trollope and I have not. His book provides an able analysis of the novels and a fresh approach to Trollope himself. The critic might have said, with advantage, more about Trollope's curious life; Mr. Cockshut is more detailed than other critics have been about Trollope's response to mid-Victorianism; he is fascinated by the moral issues which Trollope propounded, but he is apt to digress. As a critic he depends on paraphrase which is always suggestive and enjoyable though it also runs into the danger of crediting a novelist with ideas he may only dimly have discerned. Is it true, for example, that masochism is Lady Eustace's central characteristic? Surely it is a lack of interest in truth. Mr. Cockshut's main point is that there are three phases in Trollope's prodigious output; the day-dream stage; the genial middle period when he accepts the world; and the final one, beginning with *He Knew He Was Right*, when he is bitterly disillusioned about the society which he has affirmed his right to. Mr. Cockshut cannot think of any special reason for the change. Perhaps Trollope's leaving the Post Office and failing to get into Parliament had something to do with it. Leisure depressed, indeed terrified him and, perhaps, what Mr. Cockshut calls his "belated understanding of the changes that were coming over Victorian England" became unpleasantly observable with leisure. We need not think that hard work exhausted him, but men who are hard on themselves become harder on other people as time goes by. "He knew he was right" could have been his device, the rightness not lying especially in his opinion, but in his choice of what might be called "practical hallucination" as a way of living. He was perhaps reverting in late middle age, Mr. Cockshut says, to the misanthropy of his early, unhappy youth. The cycle is common enough. Dickens too became harsh and, to contemporary taste, the harsh or obsessional phase of novelists happens to have become attractive.

He Knew He Was Right and *The Eustace Diamonds* are not genial books. There is something savage in them. The values of society are rotten, the people are fools, brutes or lunatics. Lady Eustace may be bad; but what are we to say of the virtuous Mrs. Hittaway, the social climber, who does not scruple in the name of virtue to employ Lady Eustace's servants to spy upon her and who is so morally exalted by her own slanders that she does not even want to consider the evidence for them? They are a nasty, money-grubbing lot, no better than they should be. Their story is redeemed and placed by Trollope's smiling remark that the scandal managed to keep the old Duke of Omnium alive for three months and gave everybody in London something to talk about at dinner. Trollope may be pessimistic but he was too alert a comedian to be misled into rancour. His good nature was truthful if it grew less and less hopeful. Himself morbidly subject to loneliness and boredom and capable of portraying characters who were destroyed by these evils, he never fell into exaggeration—nor indeed rose to it.

The Eustace Diamonds is a triumph of ingenious construction and of story-telling. Trollope is a master of that dramatic art which the English novel seems to have inherited from its early roots in the theatre; the art of putting the right in the wrong and the wrong in the right. He also understands Society and the difference between the weary meaninglessness of the conventional and the vicious aimlessness of the unconventional. The fast set and the Grundys, like Mrs. Hittaway, are opposite sides of the same

* *Anthony Trollope*. By A. O. J. COCKSHUT. *Collins*. 16s. *The Eustace Diamonds*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. *Oxford*. 8s. 6d.

coin. Yet if, as Mr. Cockshut's analysis patiently shows, the gossip is morally organised, it is not schematic. The characters are various in themselves. A dull man like Lord Fawn becomes fascinating. We see the figure of Frank Greystock in all the colours of a merely moderate honesty. Each character is brought to its own dramatic head. Will Greystock jilt the governess and marry Lady Eustace? Trollope is not content to stop at answering that question, but goes one better and shows Greystock falling asleep in the train, bored stiff by a flirt who had captivated him. Trollope's observation can make even a Commissioner of Police interesting. Nor does the comedy remain on one level. The love affair of Lucinda and Sir Griffin approaches the grotesque and the horrible and the sharp financial deals and recriminations of Lady Eustace and Mrs. Carbuncle are as savage as anything in *Jonathan Wild*. Trollope is a remorseless exploiter of fine points. If he had been a mere plot-maker he would have been satisfied to expose the perjuries of Lady Eustace in the court scene, but he squeezes more than that out of it. He sees to it that a sadistic counsel, powerless to be other than cruel, makes the liar tell the truth a dozen times over, unnecessarily. And when the bogus preacher proposes, Lady Eustace doubts if he is bogus enough.

The critic must admire these skills. He must admire Trollope's knowledge of the groups in the social hierarchy. He must notice how fertilising was Trollope's own dilemma: that he was a man of liberal mind crossed by strong conservative feeling. There remain the serious limitations that his manner is slovenly, repetitive and pedestrian, that his scene has no vividness, that—as Mr. Cockshut says—the upper steps of his moral stairway are missing, that he lacks fantasy. There will be sin but no sanctity. It is after all Lady Eustace's crime that she was not the average woman and it is supposed to be Mrs. Hittaway's justification that she is. And so, when we emerge from Trollope's world, we, at first, define him as one of the masters who enables us to recognise average life for what it is. On second thoughts, we change the phrase: we recognise that he has drawn life as people say it is when they are not speaking about themselves.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Nicosia

I should set about memorising this little room,
The errors of taste which make it every other,
Like and unlike, this ugly rented bed
Now transfigured as a woman is transfigured
By love, disfigured, related and yet unrelated
To science, to the motiveless appeals of happiness.

I should set about memorising this room
It will be a long time empty and airless;
Thoughts will hang about it like mangy cats,
The mirror, vacant and idiotic as an actress
Reflect darkness, cavity of an old tooth,
A house shut up, a garden left untended.

This is probably the very moment to store it all,
Earlobes tasting of salt, a dying language
Of perfume, and the heart of someone
Hanging open on its hinges like a gate;
Rice-powder on a sleeve and two dead pillows
The telephone shook and shook but could not wake.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

In Eruption

The Crowning Privilege. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Anybody of literary interests old enough to remember the period between the two wars must realise that we live in a flatter period now, and should feel lucky to have Robert Graves still so wonderfully active, as the lady in Dickens said about Vesuvius. Modern literary criticism was invented by a number of different people, but by Graves as much as any other individual. This book, while throwing in other articles and some poems for good measure, is mainly the text of his recent Clark Lectures at Cambridge, which were reported to be a great personal triumph.

He remarks in the introduction that "it is doubtful whether lectures intended for delivery to a largely undergraduate audience, and therefore addressed in the first place to the passions, should be published as though they were closely argued critical essays." No doubt it was an excellent thing for him to bring some life into the benighted old place, but one is bound to ask "*which* passions?" Jealousy and petulance are what get suggested by cold print, rather depressing in so distinguished a man. It was fine when Graves said "All the poets testify that my theory is true," but what he is saying here is pretty close to a hopeless position: "All the poets are bad because they don't carry out my theory." Each age of English literature in his survey is presented as a fall from heaven, and yet it is easy to reflect that they can only have been moving from one hell to another. A reasonable man, surely, would be more impressed if Graves proved that he could see the merits of a period in one bit of writing while he could display its fatal demerits in another; on the whole, what has been admired by a sheer generation or two is likely to have some kind of merit. This is the answer to his long-repeated joke that he was blamed at college for liking some writers better than others. I quite agree that students need squibs putting under their chairs; I only feel that the performance would have been better fun if it had conveyed more understanding.

As to the worship of the White Goddess, which is so basic to Graves's position that a critic must discuss it directly, I remember noticing in the Twenties, when my mental eyes were peeping open, a rather curious tone about love taken at times by (for instance) Peter Quennell and Edgell Rickword as well as Graves, authors unlike in every other way. They wanted to combat a fashion for male homosexuality among intellectuals, a thing which was becoming tiresome for the boys as well as the girls, and they did this by saying it was sentimental to love other young men (because so reliably agreeable and comforting) whereas any man worth the name would take on a woman (because she would be certain to crucify him after stripping him of all his goods). This has always seemed to me a farcical way to recommend normal life, and if you really had a society in which women were as bad as that I would seriously think a man the more manly for rejecting them. You cannot simply set up a booth offering nothing but blood, toil, tears and sweat; there has to be some other influence, however unreasonable, before the crowd will surge after their leader. This local male revolt against women was chiefly a backwash from their recent liberation—they tended to put their demands too high; but in the mind of Graves, passionately supporting women against injustice, it became part of a universal truth about human life, that men are no good unless they practise Human Sacrifice to a goddess, who is also the Muse.

The scheme has great charms, especially in outfacing the neo-Christians by offering something undoubtedly more savage even than they do, and then tossing it into the lap of our present Majesty. On both halves of that, he is appealing to solid sentiments; but more basically he relies on the belief now chiefly associated with Jung, that each human brain carries inside itself all the past of mankind, and so we will always have to go on committing human sacrifice because it was done in the Stone Age. He has repeatedly argued that the wars which fill history only arose because the prehistoric villages stopped being ruled by women whose lovers were certain of ritual death, and therefore that, unless we return to the practice quickly, the human race is certain to destroy itself. I am willing to believe in the prehistory, but I think the moral we ought to draw is that we should try to avoid repeating its monstrous evils (chiefly due, one would think, to suspicion brooding over the failure of inadequate techniques).

I do not believe that we carry within us a fatal necessity to do again what these people did, but I believe something rather like that; I revere the scholarly attempts to learn what they did, because the knowledge may be needed to *avoid* doing what they did. Now here, instead of being such a Philistine as you may think, I can appeal to a splendid literary tradition; the accepted purpose in writing the *Orestes* trilogy, or for that matter *Macbeth*, was to say to the audience "Now that you understand this, you won't let it happen again." To say that you *want* it to happen again does not seem to me the way a sane man would look at the matter, and it actually wasn't the way the authors did. The theory, you understand, is that, because of a Jungian "racial memory," the human psyche cannot get on without what Robert Graves has frequently called a Bitch Goddess; this would be plausible if we found her regularly harked back to by the appalling items which are always in the newspapers (of both public and private trouble), but I can't see that we do. The poor old human brain may well be hag-ridden by its past somehow, but it is also a wonderfully strongly protected part of the body; and I would guess that the troubles about its construction date from vastly earlier than prehistory. What Robert Graves has done really well by all these books is presumably not what he intended; he has driven home how shockingly nasty the system he recommends must have been.

To return to literary criticism; as I have dog-eared almost every page of the lectures because they are so interesting, it seems a bit mean to give only a flat example from Pope where Graves is obviously wrong; but this would be an untrue report if it did not point out that he can be obviously wrong.

> The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
> Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.

Graves says: "The false internal rhymes of *round* and *bound* and of *down* and *ground* effectively act as brakes on the stone's merry progress." No. Every reader feels the violence of the movement, and he could only feel it from the way the stone reacted to its brakes. Halfway down the steep hill it leaps into the air from a small cliff, it then bangs down, still on the hill but scattering dust, then at the meeting of the rock hill with the alluvial plain the stone runs far out still surrounded with dust. Such is the picture; Pope would readily agree that it is a trivial achievement, but he was only showing he could do it in the course of discussing such matters. When Graves argues that he cannot see it, apparently from a moral dislike for Pope, he is exactly echoing a stupidity of Dr. Johnson, who once complained (though only in conversation) that Shakespeare failed to describe the fall from Dover Cliff as "sheer vacuity." It is a sad thing to have to say about the grand old master, but I suspect that he is often only pretending not to see merits.

May I now prattle about the origin of rhyme, because there I feel like Graves; I share his annoyance that the academic world is becoming too specialised to do large correlations precisely when its labours ought to be making them possible. It is a major question why Europe took to rhyme, whereas classical authors despised it. Graves says the Irish invented it. He produces no evidence that the Irish rhymed of their own accord, but says that rhyme follows from imitating

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the rhythms of a smith on an anvil, which I neither understand nor believe. The Chinese always rhymed, but the Slav and Mongol bloc between us and them apparently always didn't. Anybody may learn from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that the first known rhymed poems in the Mediterranean area are Latin hymns of about the third century A.D. by authors in the Berber country of North Africa. Well, since the Arabs used rhyme early, and the rather mysterious Berbers whose songs are lost were closer to the Arabs than to Europe, and any hymn-writer for a converted population would try to give them what they already liked, it seems probable that all the rhymes of Europe come from the Berbers. Now, here is a subject where you do need to get outside the ring of experts, each of them saying there isn't enough evidence within his own field; so that a man like Robert Graves might have a useful part to play. But I wouldn't bother much about his contempt for Donne, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Yeats, Eliot and so forth; I only wish he had sounded a bit more as if he liked poetry when it is good.

W. EMPSON

A Difficult Mission

Greek Entanglement. By E. C. W. MYERS. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

When Brigadier Myers was asked to address a select audience of soldiers and officials during his brief visit to London in 1943 he tried to tell them something of the serious political problems which faced his Mission in Greece. Not for the first time he was told that he had put his foot in it. He had embarrassed the Foreign Office. He should have given an exciting account of his past year in the Pindus mountains and never have touched politics, which were no concern of his. "How I wished they were not!" comments the Brigadier, and the sigh suggested by the exclamation mark susurrates throughout his book.

He had gone to Greece because he realised that there was no better man available to lead a party of British officers and Greek guerillas (Andartes) to blow up a viaduct on the Salonika-Athens railway. Having done that, he was to be evacuated by submarine. When the submarine failed to turn up and he was asked to stay on to organise the Andarte movement in northern Greece he was "greatly upset by this request." All his own men had been volunteers for a single and specific operation, which they had carried out. Now Cairo had let them down. They trudged back from their Epirot cove to the central mountains, their hearts tough with disappointment.

Unlike most of the British heroes of the Greek Resistance, Brigadier Myers had no particular love for Greece or irregular warfare to compensate him for his year in the wilderness. He was a regular soldier, a staff officer, and none too fit. Greece meant so little to him that even in retrospect he fails to note that his parachute carried him down within a few miles of Delphi. He never learned the language, never shed his battle-dress for a shepherd's cloak, and though he dedicates his book primarily to the unarmed people of the mountains who helped him at the risk of their lives and never spawned a single traitor, there is nothing here to suggest those philhellenic village carousals and affectionate nicknames with which the memoirs of our Cretan condottieri have made us so familiar. He saw little drama in ruling over a huge mass of men and mountains with a handful of British satraps, and only in one passage does he hint that he found the country beautiful. He was there, tricked by his own colleagues on the Middle East staff, to do a job.

To his credit, he did not shield behind the simple soldier's plea that politics was none of his business. After a few months he realised without prompting or even encouragement from Cairo that it was as much his duty to keep ELAS and EDES from clashing as to persuade both to fight the Germans and Italians. The rival initials spattered his wirelessed reports as now they stub his pages. His information was accurate and at first disbelieved. ELAS and EAM were Communist inspired. Should he arm them now, at the risk of a *coup d'état* later? Or should he cold-shoulder them, and so lose the Allies the support of two-thirds of the fighting Greeks? He never received a clear directive, and chose the former policy. He armed them all, papering over their profound political disagreements by calling both groups "National Bands" and persuading them to sign an agreement which included the phrase, "No member of any National Band is ever to mention politics in public." Of course it didn't work. All Greeks talk politics incessantly, and as Myers was the chief representative of a Government which still regarded the King of Greece as heir-apparent to his own throne, and the Andartes were united in opposing the King's return without a plebiscite, Myers was in favour with nobody except his military chiefs. EAM directed a stream of hostile propaganda against the British, the Foreign Office thought him an *eminence grise* who armed Communists with his eyes open, and the King of Greece threatened to abdicate if he returned to head the British Mission.

It was not a simple nor an exceptional situation. The same thing was happening almost simultaneously in France, Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, Malaya and China. We were arming Communists to kill Fascists. We were in alliance with the Red Army. Even if Brigadier Myers had never set foot in Greece, EAM would still have fought (for they had captured weapons in plenty) with one eye on liberating their country and the other on seizing political power. Deplorable, perhaps, but at the time useful. The Brigadier was one of several victims of an insoluble problem, and his apologia is neither petulant nor trite. It is an important contribution to history.

NIGEL NICOLSON

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The Public Face

The Whispering Gallery. By JOHN LEHMANN. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

The Thirties: they have passed into near-history, than which nothing is more boring. The young have had a war of their own; when they have known the real thing, how expect them to be moved by the contemplation of a rehearsal—twenty-five bombers over Barcelona, and such small bombs too? More and more it appears that the real split between the generations today reveals itself in differing emotional attitudes towards the Spanish War; the man who can write, as Mr. Lehmann does, "I have been unable to find it in my heart to visit Spain as long as Franco's regime lasts," dates himself. I share Mr. Lehmann's feelings, but I would not expect many people under the age of thirty-five to regard it as much more than an amiable sentimentality. The Spanish War is a bore, but Spain and the Spanish War are still the great symbol of the Thirties. At the moment, interest in them is almost non-existent, and their most typical writers, young no more, have years to go before they become Grand Old Men: they rest uncomfortably in drab middle age, the natural and inevitable target of the current crop of young lions. Yet in fifteen years' time the Thirties will come back as the Twenties have already come back, and the enthusiastic amateurs of the period will be hunting through the second-hand bookshops for scarce choices of the Left Book Club.

When that day comes, two autobiographies already well-known will be essential reading: *Lions and Shadows* and *World Within World*, together, perhaps, with a chapter or two from Mr. Toynbee's *Friends Apart*. On the face of it, it would seem reasonable to add to them Mr. Lehmann's autobiography, the first part of which now appears as *The Whispering Gallery*. As the founder and editor of *New Writing* in its various forms, Mr. Lehmann was surely at the heart of the Thirties movement: who better than he to chart it for us and delineate its figures? Yet it is just here, it seems to me, that he fails, and he fails, I think, because he gets in the reader's way. This may appear a thoroughly unkind and unfair thing to say about an autobiographer, but Mr. Lehmann, lacking on the one hand the camera-eye of Isherwood and on the other the naive and innocent egoism of Spender, that engaging quality which induces us to take its possessor as seriously as he does himself, succeeds in presenting to us neither himself nor his friends in very sharp focus. Mr. Lehmann began his literary career as the ardent impresario of a number of brilliant young men, one of them a man of genius; he has become, through the process of time and his own success as an editor, a panjandrum of literature. Panjandrums are valuable, and Mr. Lehmann is an editor of great distinction; but panjandrums and editors are public figures and *The Whispering Gallery* is, as it were, a public autobiography.

Mr. Lehmann was born in the literary plush. His father was a great rowing man, a Liberal M.P. and a most accomplished regular contributor to *Punch*. There were, as the old song says, servants to wait upon the ring-ting-ting: a butler, a cook, footmen, gardeners galore. With the Thames flowing at the bottom of the garden, it was the eternal summer afternoon of Edwardian England that surrounded Mr. Lehmann in his childhood; and this he evokes in a romantic prose heavy with nostalgia. It is much the best part of his book. Mr. Lehmann went to Eton as a scholar and naturally his account of Eton cannot fail to be interesting, for to the non-Etonian any description of that remarkable institution must have the kind of fascination we normally only experience when reading field-reports of life among the Trobriand Islanders. His contemporaries were distinguished; they included Orwell, Anthony Powell, Cyril Connolly. Yet none of them is brought to life in these pages, except Mr. Connolly, who

would stand at the door of his room, slim, self-

assured, smartly attired, with a teasing look on his puggish face, and when I passed would say, in a tone which made the simple greeting heavy with malice and mockery, "Well, Johnny Lehmann, how are *you* this afternoon?"

From Eton to Cambridge, and from Cambridge to a life divided between Bloomsbury, where he assisted Virginia and Leonard Woolf at the Hogarth Press, and Vienna, where he came into contact with the Left-wing movement and acted as a courier for it when it was proscribed by successive Austrian governments. And so to the founding and editing of *New Writing*. It is the record of a most honourable and valuable career in letters. It disappoints only as autobiography. One feels, in fact, that a great opportunity for re-creating an epoch through some of its most vivid personalities has been lost. And it must be said that the book shows signs of over-hasty composition, or surely the noun would not be so often united to the cliché adjective or nostalgia so easily and frequently indulged in.

WALTER ALLEN

Doctors' Lives

Surgeon at War. By LT. COL. J. C. WATTS. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Backblocks Baby-Doctor. By DORIS GORDON. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Doctor's Wife in Greenland. By INGA EHRSTRÖM. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

These three very different books have a common tie in the fact that their authors are all deeply concerned about the abolition of needless suffering and have sought desperate adventures in that good cause. It could have been no accident of postings that took Colonel Watts to the forefront of the battle on so many fronts. Palestine, Syria, the desert campaigns, the Salerno landings, the Apennines, in winter (where for good measure he turned his team into a ski-unit), the 6th Airborne Division, Normandy by parachute, the confused turmoil of liberated Java, and Palestine again. Then after five years at home the Korean war catapults him out to Japan in charge of a base hospital near Hiroshima, to round off a unique experience.

His narrative is rather monotonously quiet in tone, in accordance with service tradition, but one catches over and over again the thrill a good surgeon feels when he has snatched a man from death or disablement. His outlook on his staff, his patients and his allies is pleasantly appreciative and amused. With considerable skill he uses his personal experiences to illustrate for the layman the complicated technical problems which beset the war-time surgeon. The medical details are excusably frank, for it is only right that the public should understand that war is still hell, even though advance units are functioning within 400 yards of the firing-line. Here the wounded man now finds expert surgery, good anaesthesia, blood transfusions awaiting him and does not realise that the problems of his care have, for the R.A.M.C., only begun. "The over-riding necessity for evacuating the patient colours the whole of war-surgery," says Colonel Watts, and the problem is not only one of transport but of psychology. "It is only in a beleaguered fortress that the surgeon sees his case through." This means that the doctors in the forward units must be ready to put everything they have got into the treatment of each case, well knowing that in a few hours they will pass out of their care for ever: the surgeons at the base must have sufficient imagination to grasp their forward colleagues' difficulties and sufficient professional skill to complete the good work. Colonel Watts's almost incredible record of only three patients lost out of 1,000 casualties admitted to his Japanese hospital from the Korean front, shows that the R.A.M.C. can not only surmount these testing difficulties but can present Britain with a world title.

Dr. Doris Gordon is an example of the reforming type who stays at home and finds her battlefields on her own doorstep. Her life-story is handicapped by a clumsy title and a gushing style but is full of unexpected interest. The daughter of an old pioneering New Zealand family, she early showed signs of outstanding character by passing out first from the Dunedin Medical School in 1916 when medical women students were a rarity. Her experiences of the crude midwifery of her day impressed her so strongly that she decided to dedicate her life to improving the conditions for motherhood in her own country. Her first efforts were made in the country practice she has run with her husband for forty years. The chief preoccupation was with maternal anaesthesia, which in New Zealand as in this country had long been neglected. It is an extraordinary fact that poor women got little more mitigation of the pain of normal labour in the Twenties than they had a hundred years before. (When the London County Council took over the Guardians' maternity wards in 1930, it was found that only one woman in eight was getting any relief from her sufferings in normal labour, and there was a high percentage of primipara amongst them.) Chloroform had fallen out of favour as an anaesthetic and its effective and safe use in labour by Simpson had been forgotten; no one bothered to find a substitute which midwives could use. Dr. Gordon actually started a small hospital near her own home where she could watch her patients for long hours and try out new drugs. Later she was to found a flourishing obstetrical Society and to take part in establishing a Chair of Midwifery and to see the teaching and practice of her speciality improved out of recognition. For two years she was Director of Maternity and Child Welfare but that does not come into her story.

It will be rather a shock to old Fabians to learn that the island dominion which we were accustomed to regard as a Pember-Reeves wonder-child, the prototype of all welfare states, could put up such stiff resistance to medical progress and health organisation. Dr. Gordon's courageous story will help us understand how it could happen, and may give us some important warnings about dangers to watch over here.

Doctor's Wife in Greenland is less remarkable for its medical passages than for the vitality of its writing and for the strange personal tragedy with which it so unexpectedly ends. Inga Ehrström is a Swedish authoress who in 1948, with their two children, accompanied her husband—a Finn—on a nine months' visit to Umanak, a remote district in North Greenland. The object of their journey was to investigate the occurrence of neurotic and psycho-somatic diseases among the 1,500 natives of the district. It seems that in order to protect the dwindling Eskimo population the Danes have established a reserved area governed by "managers" with extremely autocratic powers. Tourists are rigidly excluded, which makes this account of exceptional value. The doctor and his wife evidently got on very well with the Eskimos (though not with the Danes) and these brilliant pictures of their hideously poverty-stricken and disease-ridden lives are most moving. But I can see little evidence of the outstanding purity and nobility of character which Fru Ehrström attributes to them (this tendency to romanticise the primitive is really one of the diseases of over-civilisation she had come out to investigate). I am left with considerable sympathy for the Danes in their ungrateful task of trying to preserve such a precariously balanced culture.

The Ehrströms must have had a glorious time in the dramatic Arctic scenery, hunting walrus across the ice, watching the birth of dazzling icebergs, studying the rare birds. They showed themselves uncommonly indifferent to danger for themselves and, it is right to add, for other people. Then, sudden and overwhelming as the wrath of offended gods, misfortune fell on the gay, attractive family. As they prepared for departure Dr. Ehrström developed obscure signs

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of illness and the Danish officials treated the family with great harshness. There followed a nightmare voyage across the North Atlantic in an "insect of a boat." The doctor's illness revealed itself as a rapidly spreading and agonising form of cancer, and he arrived in Copenhagen exhausted, with only a short while to live. His wife's record of their journey makes a haunting and unusual book.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

A.M.D.G.

William Weston: the Autobiography of an Elizabethan. Translated from the Latin by PHILIP CARAMAN. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

I have a strong partiality for remembrancers. Scott's Old Mortality scraping the moss from the graves of the Covenanters, Anthony Wood perpetuating his dim Oxonians, Fuller's worthies, Calamy's divines, Walker's suffering clergy—while myself all unequal to such pious labours, I richly enjoy the contemplation of them. Father Caraman has an inordinate share of the remembrancer's *pietas*. Four years ago, he translated the life of John Gerard, S.J., and so gave us one of the strangest and most exciting narratives to come out of the seventeenth century. Now he has performed the same task for another contemporary Ignatian, William Weston, priest and exorcist, one of the many who toiled and lived dangerously on the English Mission in the last years of Elizabeth.

Weston's life is less enthralling than Gerard's—largely because he was a more reticent, self-effacing human being. As Father Caraman says, in his introduction:

> . . . Weston was fourteen years Gerard's senior, his health was frail, his eye-sight poor, his memory affected by four years' solitary confinement in the Tower: his recollection of his first months in England had been blurred by seventeen years' imprisonment . . . While Father Gerard was waiting the day when he would be allowed to return, and at the time of writing was actively preparing recruits for the struggle, Father Weston, remote from England, was describing a battle of long ago.

"With Gerard," Mr. Evelyn Waugh writes, in an eloquent foreword, "we were reading Buchan. Here it is Bernanos; one, the unambiguous man of action; the other, the mystic, beset with the mystic's devils, drawn to the desperate." I am not at all sure that Mr. Waugh is right in attributing Father Weston's devils to mysticism. To my mind they smack far more strongly of the fiends that tormented the nuns of Loudun and so many other disordered imaginations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Even Father Caraman is not entirely happy about the "nauseous subject" of Weston's powers as an exorcist. He warns us that "it is probable that, in a number of cases, W.W. was over-credulous, and the victim of deception at the hands of malicious and hysterical women." What is certain is that a number of Father Weston's devils have passed into literature. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," cries Edgar in *King Lear*, "Modo he's called, and Mahu." Both these spirits, along with Hobbididance and Flibbertigibbet were Father Weston's familiars, who, so the *D.N.B.* tells us, did homage to the relics of Campion, and testified to Weston's sanctity in his unhappy controversies with the Papist secular clergy.

Nor, I think, is Mr. Waugh correct in his estimate of the two men. To my mind, Gerard's life, in spite of its escapes and hurried journeys, reads the more spiritually of the two narratives, and, if you could describe either as a mystic (which on the evidence seems very doubtful), I would say it was he. But we must not quibble about the relative merits of heroes. Both were brave men, both would have suffered martyrdom unhesitatingly (Gerard did undergo extreme torture). Both narratives strike the same note of what one can only call primitive Christianity, the flavour of the catacombs. Shut these men up in the Clink, the Tower, the Poultry, subject them to "*Peine, forte et dure*," ask them "the Bloody Question," they remain obdurate in their persuasions. "Very well then," says the Lieutenant of the Tower to Gerard, "we must hang you up again now, and a second time after dinner." "'*Eamus in nomine domini*,' I said. 'I have only one life. If I had several I would sacrifice them all for the same cause'". "At no hour," writes Weston, "are we certain to survive . . . thrice very recently we almost fell into their hands, but we escaped, for God was pleased to allow their mind and eyes to be cheated."

So much for their heroism. Almost equally one is staggered at the ruthlessness, the spiritual tenacity of these men, their feats of persuasion in converting their captors and reclaiming backsliders, their shifts and stratagems, in prison and out, for carrying through with the whole cycle of their devotions. "Secretly in the middle of the night," Weston writes,

> . . . We would lower a rope to the room below . . . and draw up the sacred vestments. Your Reverence would indeed be amazed at their devotion, and the skill with which they arranged everything. One of them, in the days when he was a heretic, had been a keeper of Catholic prisoners . . . he was most clever at picking the locks of our doors, and closing them again. He went round every cell in order, unfastening each door. Then he opened mine, and they all entered, and through the whole of the night we celebrated the feast.

Imprisoned at Wisbech, Weston turns the place, so someone complains to the Council, into "a seminary college." He adds the warder's daughter and three thieves about to be hanged to his bag of converts, along with John the Waterman, the Earl of Arundel, Mr. Pitts of Iffley and a host of others. When one considers the effrontery of his ministrations, carried on in the heart of Protestant Elizabethan England, under the very nose of the "bright occidental star" herself, one wonders how Her Majesty's Privy Council ever suffered Father Weston to die in his bed.

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PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy

Edited by Sidney E. Hooper

Vol. XXX No. 115. **October, 1955**

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MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON

Dr. Adenauer's Reich

Western Germany: From Defeat to Rearmament. By ALFRED GROSSER. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

M. Grosser has wisely realised that the time for writing the history of post-war Germany is not yet. Instead he attempts to illuminate selected aspects of Western Germany, in the hope of assisting those who cannot wait for the judgment of history, but must make up their minds today. In this he achieves some success.

His selection, or at least his emphasis, is somewhat different from the normal. In recent years controversy has raged around German reunification and rearmament, and German party politics have also had their share of attention. All of these things come into M. Grosser's account, of course, but the core of his book is devoted to describing the economic, social and moral background in Western Germany, against which the major issues have to be settled. In particular, he endeavours to show how the developments of the last decade appear to Germans, a task very well worth attempting at a time when German opinion is again becoming an effective force in world affairs. M. Grosser, who is a Frenchman, shows an intimate understanding of Germany and an objectivity which, on this subject, is even rarer in France than in Britain.

His discussion of post-war occupation policies, war guilt and the trials, and the wider problem of denazification, does not make pleasant reading. Some people may feel that, on war guilt at least, he has gone rather far in adopting a German interpretation, but he is almost certainly right in the picture he paints of the effect which allied policies have left upon the German mind. It is a picture of confusion and inconsistency of objectives, and of haphazard implementation by military government staffs, of whom too small a proportion were fully competent to discharge their immensely difficult task.

Indeed it is clear that the task of eradicating Nazism was something that could not be performed purely by the negative instruments of purge and trial, if indeed it could be performed at all by non-Germans. What was, and is, needed is a world outlook to replace National Socialism, and on this the Western allies were vague and divided among themselves. Only the Russians knew exactly what system they wished to see installed, and this no doubt explains why they have always been readier than the West to use former Nazis, other than war criminals, as instruments of a firmly enforced policy of communisation.

M. Grosser's strictures on military government staffs are pretty harsh. His comment that the British, though technically competent, "administered Germany as they would have administered a Crown colony, with the same calm activity and contempt for the 'natives'" is something one has heard so often from Germans that one can scarcely dispute it. His remarks on his own countrymen are a good deal less flattering.

The result of allied policy, together with the deteriorating world situation, has been, M. Grosser says, not so much a counter-revolution as a slow and piecemeal restoration of many elements which the allies, and German democrats too, had hoped to see permanently eliminated from positions of power. This is particularly evident in finance and industry where so many of the old names have been reappearing, and to some extent in politics too. The big question is how far the old policies are coming back with the old faces, but on this M. Grosser does not say much.

The best chapters of this book are those in which he analyses the development and influence in Western Germany of certain key sections of the population—the refugees, whose ranks have been swelled even since 1951 when they numbered eight million; and "youth,"—one-third of the population is under 20 years of age. There are also valuable sections on the trade union movement, the Churches and the Press and on the general emergence of a new post-Nazi culture. Only when all this vast field has been sur-

veyed does M. Grosser turn to the political scene proper, for politics, he rightly points out, is a superstructure, which cannot be understood apart from its foundations.

The prevailing impression which M. Grosser leaves is of disappointed hopes, and of misgivings, but not despair, about future trends. He has much that is heartening to say about the trade union movement, but feels that its efforts are meeting with growing frustration. German youth, he thinks, has shown signs of new thinking, but some of the old evil influences, notably the student corps, are ominously reappearing. Progressive tendencies in the Roman Catholic Church have weakened as anti-Communism has grown.

It is mainly because the recent preoccupation with defence contributes towards this reactionary trend, and because it damages Franco-German relations, that M. Grosser criticises the proposals for rearming Germany. He might, perhaps, derive some comfort from the improvement in international relations which has occurred since he wrote, and from the prospect that mere anti-Communism may begin slowly to give way to more constructive thinking about social and economic problems. This is clearly the way in which he himself would want events to go, but one could wish that he had given a clearer indication of his ideas on future policy. Yet this remains a stimulating book and, thanks to M. Grosser's own style and an admirable translation by Richard Rees, a most readable one.

KENNETH YOUNGER

Confused Witness

Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life. By C. S. LEWIS. *Bles.* 15*s.*

Professor Lewis remarks that he has never read an autobiography in which the parts devoted to the earlier years were not far the most interesting. In general he is right, because they are the freest from distortion. A writer does not expect praise or blame for his childhood, he usually reports it simply because it interests him, not to produce any particular effect on the reader. Dr. Lewis's, however, is no ordinary autobiography, it is supposed to deal only with matters that prepared him for his conversion. All his stories have to point the moral; thus we are constantly pulled up in the middle of interesting topics, such as the imaginary countries he and his brother invented, and told, sometimes pretty sharply, that we are off the point:

> I could continue to describe Oldie for pages; some of the worst is unsaid. But perhaps it would be wicked, and it is certainly not obligatory, to do so.

It seems right then (although much of the actual narrative is charming) to go directly to this central theme. It is the occurrence at times throughout his boyhood of a feeling which he calls Joy:

> an unsatisfied desire which is itself more desirable than any other satisfaction. I call it Joy, which is here a technical term and must be sharply distinguished both from Happiness and from Pleasure. Joy (in my sense) has indeed one characteristic, and one only, in common with them; the fact that anyone who has experienced it will want it again.

What happened to Joy was that he experienced it in response to books and nature, then he came to cultivate it for its own sake and this weakened it. Finally (as a result of various non-joyful influences and arguments) in his middle twenties he was converted. The argument in short appears to be: treat Joy as an end and you will kill it; treat it as a signpost and it will lead you to Christianity.

Now I don't mind Dr. Lewis's conclusions at all, but his reasoning throughout this book seems to me to be sheer soapsuds. Everybody who gets at all the sort of life that he needs, finds that the ecstatic desires of youth drop into a subordinate place. So there is no special conclusion to be drawn here in favour of Christianity. Of course, Dr. Lewis might have given subtle descriptions of Joy which would have shown that it was qualitatively suitable to lead us that way rather than any other, but he hasn't. He certainly means it to be the heart of his theme, and he offers to give "a more detailed treatment than has (I believe) been attempted before." But his descriptions of it are remarkably general and colourless, in fact it must be admitted that, writing as he does after the little affair of Proust's sponge cake (and still longer after Plotinus) he leaves the subject in a more primitive state than he found it. The reason lies in a little mistake which I for one began to suspect as soon as I saw those words "technical term," and then found handed to me on a plate in the last paragraph of the book, which directly follows the record of his conversion:

> But what, in conclusion, of Joy? For that, after all, is what the story has mainly been about. To tell you the truth, the subject has lost nearly all interest for me since I became a Christian. . . . I now know that the experience, considered as a state of my own mind, had never the kind of importance I once gave it. It was valuable only as a pointer to do something other and outer.

Well, of course. To collect a lot of diverse feelings belonging to distinct ages and objects, iron out their differences and press them in an album together, is an error typical of just the aestheticism that he condemns. The cult of the Exquisite Feeling (extremely common at the time) artificially isolates the Feeling from all that causes it, and results in lumping insensitively together feelings which have nothing in common except the kind of formal characteristic which Dr. Lewis notes in his definition. It is not surprising if the group produced turns out to have no particular significance.

Perhaps it would be wicked, and it is certainly not obligatory, to make a catalogue of the muddles in this book. But to show that I am not unreasonable I give one example. It is from the narrative of the intellectual steps that led to his final conversion, and one is throughout given the impression that he was driven up these steps by sheer force of logic. He records that he was compelled to drop philosophic Realism because it left no place for consciousness. *Therefore* he had to adopt Idealism, admitting—

> that mind was no late-come epiphenomenon; that the whole universe was, in the last resort, mental; that our logic was participation in a cosmic *logos*.

But a few pages later, when it comes to dropping the Idealists, we hear no more of this dilemma. In fact, of course, by the early 1920s, when all this took place, Moore, Russell and others had gone a long way towards showing it up as unnecessary. Dr. Lewis (who had then lately finished reading Greats) might reply that he is not writing a history of philosophy, but of his own development, and that he never heard about them, nor about anybody else who could have shown him a way round the difficulty. But I still think that if one is reporting one's own obtuse and lazy reactions to a controversy thirty years out of date, one should not allow them to look like an argument intended to be taken seriously now.

What sticks out is that these are all the slips of a man who has got into a pulpit for which he was never intended. Professor Lewis is a most happily gifted scholar, a novelist of rich and delicate imagination, and an omnivorous reader with a great power of communicating his enthusiasm. He also writes excellent prose. Such a person coming forward as a Christian apologist is inevitably loaded, first with an enormous religious public hungry for intellectual reassurance, who will swallow anything he says, and second, with an equally uncritical set of bitter opponents. He will be heroic if he doesn't lose his head, grow irritable and smug by turns, forget his subject in his worry over his audience, rush in with views on everything from marriage to technology, shout louder and louder and finally bombinate in a vacuum. Dr. Lewis now writes as though he still remembered about the rules of reasoning, but had lost all confidence in them, and relied entirely on rhetoric to make his effect. Comparison with the coherent and moving account he gave of his conversion some twenty years ago in *The Pilgrim's Regress* will show how far he has travelled.

MARY SCRUTTON

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EVERY THURSDAY 4d.

Man Without Grandeur

Sex and Morality. By ABRAM KARDINER. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Professor Kardiner owes his deservedly high reputation to two important books, one of which, *The Psychological Frontiers of Society*, merits survival as a classic of social science. In these works, he traced the interaction between different social organisations and the personality of the individuals comprising them, and developed the concept of "basic personality," which can be thought of as the essential Frenchness of the Frenchman, or Japaneseness of the Japanese, and derives principally from common standards of child care.

In the present book, Dr. Kardiner turns the spotlight of wide experience and formidable intelligence upon sexual behaviour and its concomitant moralities in Western, or more properly, American, society. His main theme is that "sex custom is not an isolated phenomenon," but is "always embedded in a social context and derives its meaning from this source." For example, incest is universally condemned, but for its social, as much as for its eugenic consequences. In many societies—our own, until recently, being one of them—incest prohibitions included persons whose union was not eugenically, but socially, undesirable, because it would have distorted a social and economic system, whose stability depended on people maintaining specific roles towards each other. Indeed, if he knows the prohibited degrees in any tribe, an anthropologist will be able to tell us a great deal about its organisation in general. Sex customs, therefore, play a large part in social regulation and will vary according to the patterns of each society. Professor Kardiner points out that we may often pay a heavy price in neurosis and personal unhappiness for the sexual moralities by which these patterns are maintained, but nevertheless the price is worth paying, for with it we buy a social stability which is infinitely valuable. In times of rapid change like the present, however, there may be what the sociologists call "social lag" between new social needs and old emotional attitudes. The stress caused by this is a considerable factor in neurosis, being responsible, among other things, for the increase of homosexuality.

Professor Kardiner rightly criticises Kinsey for treating sex apart from the social context, but he himself loses a dimension of description by his failure to allow for all passion and tenderness. This limitation does not necessarily damage his analysis of overt sexual behaviour, but it necessarily affects adversely his account of morality, which, whether sexual or not, very largely concerns our loving responsibility for each other. Morality, according to him, is simply the internationalisation of custom and is "built by constant interaction with parents at an early age": but this is a dangerous half-truth. It would be sounder to suggest that the early intra-familial situation gives rise to a series of almost spontaneous tendencies to action and restraint, and according to this situation, these may, or may not, be "good," and may or may not be neurotic. Morality, on the other hand, is the determination to oppose certain of these tendencies with consciously held social, ethical, or spiritual values. People do not reach the heights of goodness simply because their parents have treated them rightly. On the contrary, goodness is a function of a tendency to badness which has been purposefully and painfully subjugated, and no one who has known a good man will believe that his behaviour is to be explained away in terms of his unconscious fear of his aggressions. Psychiatry has great value in showing how anti-social selfishness, for example, may be so built into the personality during childhood as to be almost insuperable, but it has little valid to say about that urgent striving for virtue against the loaded dice of personality which is the mark of human greatness.

The specialist is inevitably apt to view existence through the coloured lens of his expertise. It may not matter so much when he is an electrical engineer, or a botanist, but when he is a psychologist, the effect is liable to be absurd, or if it avoids absurdity, dangerous. My complaint against Professor Kardiner is not that what he says is in detail incorrect or foolish; on the contrary, he is a most perceptive man to whose other work we must be greatly indebted. But the virtues of this book only serve to obscure plausible limitations of approach to a large zone of human behaviour, while the style at once "folksy" and omniscient impels an almost hypnotic credulity. Of course, the public is partly to blame for the manner of psychologists towards it. A generation which has lost much of its belief in magic and in formal religion is easily gulled by psychology, which combines a fashionable empiricism with an esotericism supplying a deep-felt need. But for the very reason that half the civilised world is agape for the answers, the psychologist must make it very clear that he has not got them either. He is qualified to show how certain things go wrong, but not why. He is qualified to show that certain factors militate against people reaching their objectives, but the objectives themselves must be judged by different standards.

It is perhaps too easy for an issue such as this to overflow into metaphysics. One may attack the Kardiner-type of approach because it conflicts with one's idea of man as made in the image and likeness of God, and as being subject to His laws, but this would be a personal and strictly not a scientific reason. It is, however, legitimate to quarrel with any argument which goes beyond the zone of experimentally provable concepts, thus constituting a mystique rather than a science. It seems very likely that judicial fears of psychiatry stem from the pretensions of some practitioners to exalt it into a new code of ethics, and not from its character as an essential and legitimate branch of medicine. The proper function of psychiatry is to extend our capacity for diagnosis, but not to subvert the principle that in the last resort and however great the pressure put upon him, it is within the power of the reasonable man to choose between right and wrong, and that he must be held responsible for wrong choice. Professsor Kardiner excels in describing the pressures acting upon us, but by his failure to allow for anything else, he paints a picture of man bereft of all grandeur and of all morality.

ADAM CURLE

New Novels

A Perfect Woman. By L. P. HARTLEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Rainbearers. By NICHOLAS MOSLEY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

Waiting for the Mahatma. By R. K. NARAYAN. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Black Box. By SHAKUNTALA SHRINAGASH. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Clochemerle-Babylon. By GABRIEL CHEVALLIER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Although with publishing there's no closed season, no spell when the birds and the guns can inhabit the same cabbage patch in a neighbourly manner, at this time of the year hostilities sharpen. Reviewers are already finding the birds winging in as fast as ever and, as always, at all levels.

Not that one is in doubt about Mr. L. P. Hartley's status. His writing has a quite extraordinarily cool, soothing quality which, hiding a wiry tenacity of exposition, can cope with the least promising of circumstances. And even this is a far from adequate explanation of the way his sympathy, lighting upon a prosaically dull subject, or state of affairs, can from the material abstract substance so alive with interest, so precisely echoing truth, and yet at the same time making truth a mirror of his own witty percipience, that afterwards nothing is quite the same. Our horizon has been broadened at a point where previously we had understood no concession was to be found.

Harold Eastwood is dull ("Harold had almost a passion for the middle way"), though after his humourless fashion not entirely bad company. Mr. Hartley hits off immediately that combination of assurance ("It was not Harold's custom to talk to people in trains, he usually worked in them . . .") and uncertainty ("Could it be that at thirty-five he was beginning to need glasses?") of the type you meet coming into town on the 8.30 and leaving on the 5.35. How well, you think, you know them, and return to your paper. But not Mr. Hartley. Harold meets Alec Goodrich, a well-known novelist, through a *contretemps* with a ticket-collector, and breaks what has been probably the custom of a lifetime and talks to the novelist. He agrees to look after Goodrich's tax affairs, and as a consequence of this he is invited down to Harold's house for a week-end. Isabel, Harold's wife, has married below herself. With the imminent arrival of Goodrich "the word suburban haunted her." The attack is pressed home: "Eight children would have been all right, or none, but two!", until you long to scream at such people's existence.

Yet Mr. Hartley's probing inquisitorial gaze is for ever discovering those clues that enable him to build up in all its complexities the true state of affairs. Isabel has literary pretensions and soon falls, so different is Goodrich from her friends, under the sway of his somewhat jumbo-ish charm, and thus gradually and relentlessly (there is no other word that quite explains the author's control of his characters) in love with him. She flowers under our eyes from the superficially silly house-ridden suburbanite to a woman who appears to understand everything.

> A fever, a fury, a demon of forgivingness possessed her. Everyone must be forgiven, everyone starting and finishing with herself. . . . She wanted to hand out bouquets to everyone. How beautifully we all behaved!

Mr. Hartley throughout subtly explores the ever-varying facets of his characters' relationships with a psychological insight into human emotions that is profound without in any way becoming—such studies seem to inherit the tendency like the death wish—wearisomely clinical. He has also the priceless gift of being able to match a description of a scene to the mood of the character, each balancing and strengthening the other. After Isabel has telephoned Alec and believes he now loves her she behaves as a springtime creature, and the South Coast landscape about her echoes and reinforces this emotion.

Of course, as in other of this author's works there is the ambivalence of melodramatic occurrences grafted on to a mannered high comedy about which comedy flickers like summer-storm lightning. But the novelist's dramatic power and the super-abundant sense of life in his characters almost make these incompatibles convincing.

Mr. Nicholas Mosley seems to have believed that by presenting every fact about his characters, their life, backgrounds and so forth, he would emerge with rounded and completed creations. In consequence, though, thoughts and incidents of no relevance jostle for attention with the good and the valuable. His hero, Richard, drifting vainly since the war in pursuit of a Purpose in Life, exhibiting the sulky uncouthness of a spoilt, inevitably too-rich young man—if only nature could imitate art!—never comes remotely within reach of our sympathy. He rediscovers the girl, Mary, a wartime prisoner of the Germans, realises now he should have married her, and has an affair with her.

> I have thrown my life away, he thought: for ever and for ever I have gone chasing after shadows and the shadows have been my desires and I have never thought before of what there was between love and rightness. And now when I would think of it it is too late . . .

He's that kind of young man, and that part of him which should touch us and gain our pity is simply non-existent. Apart from this the book is pleasantly written, alternating in style between somewhat turgid chunks of thought-process and extremely funny descriptive passages.

Highly diverting and amusing though *Waiting for the Mahatma* is, at a deeper level it is no less impelling. Mr. Narayan realises clearly that Satyagraha, non-violent aggression, requires more from human nature than non-aggressive indulgence: in practice we have all seen that it can have diametrically opposite results. In this picaresque tale of a Tamil Lucky Jim who follows Gandhi, not from conviction but out of love for a girl, the author gives a friendly salutation to the Raj while amiably satirising his own countrymen. The humour is often richly comic. When the hero's granny is found still living on the funeral pyre, the doctor merely broods, "This was the first situation of its kind in his experience. Previously he had known one-way traffic."

Has British rule left Indians incapable of expressing themselves in other than a western manner? A second Indian novel, *The Little Black Box*, owes its style to the film cliché. Which is a pity, since this story, told from the viewpoint of a wealthy, dying patient, possesses a strong narrative sense, a welcome brevity of approach and some idea of creating fictional characters. Lastly, *Clochemerle-Babylon*. The mixture very much as before; and this includes the wordy flummery. It's not typically Gallic; simply typical of a number of undisciplined French writers.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

The Last Week

War Premeditated. By WALTHER HOFER. *Thames & Hudson.* 16*s.*

No doubt there is something new to say on even the most hackneyed subject; but a historian who proposes to improve on Sir Lewis Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude* must get up very early in the morning. Here is a worthy lecturer from the Free University of Berlin. He has read all the sources—the diplomatic documents, the memoirs, the comments of later writers. He has the most admirable opinions, both moral and political. He regards war as "a senseless catastrophe, which does not solve a single problem but creates a thousand new ones." He is not taken in for a moment by the talk of Germany's grievances and insists that the war was deliberately "unleashed" by Hitler. He is embarrassingly charitable to the statesmen of Western Europe—even to Bonnet and Henderson, to say nothing of Halifax and Chamberlain. His theme is the last week of peace, from the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact to the declarations of war by Great Britain and France. The detailed narrative is supposed to provide the reader with some profound ethico-political conclusion to which the author attaches great importance.

This sounds promising. In fact nothing could be more boring. One asks at every page: "Why do I have to read this all over again? What is there which has not been said before?" Answer comes there none. There are a few points of detail from documents published since *Diplomatic Prelude*—notably that Mussolini and Ciano proposed a conference at the last minute from sheer fright, and not to help Hitler, though that was, in fact, its effect. There is an occasional correction of the minute or hour at which some remark was made—this kind of thing is always done to establish the writer's reputation as a scholar. And there is a good deal of argument to show that the Nazi-Soviet pact was essentially a partition of Poland, not (on the Russian side) a mistaken device of neutrality. This is, of course, a consoling line for the Free University of Berlin. For it leads to the conclusion that while the main responsibility for the war rests with Hitler—now so conveniently dead—a certain share can be spread on to the Soviet rulers who are still so inconveniently alive. The appeasers slide into oblivion. Even the Germans come off pretty lightly. "The historical tragedy is that Hitler succeeded in forcing his will on the whole of a great nation"—as if that "will" were anything other than the logical development of all German policy.

The book might be more rewarding if it excelled even in wrong-headedness. But it doesn't. It is as interesting as stale, unbuttered bread; or rather, the butter of facts is spread very thin over speculations which it would be misleading to describe as "philosophical." Maybe it does the Germans some good to be told that Hitler "unleashed" the war—a few of them might even remember with a qualm that they once supported him. But we know this already. Why should we be told it in a translation which clings faithfully to the indigestible prose of the German original?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Week-end Competition

No. 1,336

Set by Buzfuz

Grace Archer had to die, to allow the serial to develop, said a B.B.C. spokesman this week: but it was "in their spite they plotted her death," alleges a *News Chronicle* reader. "Our sorrow," she adds, "lies in our secret hearts." Readers are invited, for the usual prizes, to compose *either* a fellow-mourner's denunciation, *or* a script-writer's defence, of this murderous act. In verse: limit 12 lines. Entries by October 11.

Result of No. 1,333

Set by Guy Walsingham

There have been reports of council tenants in a new block of flats (on the site of a former convent) protesting about the activities of a ghost. The council may be expected to advertise for a Phantom Operative to deal with this menace as efficiently as a Rodent Operative deals with vermin; and the usual prizes are offered for the most convincing application for this post.

Report

"Having been variously monk, Egyptologist, witch-doctor and Leader of H.M. Opposition, I can conscientiously claim to be successful in dealing with unruly spirits" ran one application (Christine Greenfield), and indeed "use a ghost to shift a ghost" was an argument much employed, and sometimes rather nastily reinforced: "I may add that any councillor voting against my appointment may possibly see something *not on the agenda*." And the person whose record of successes included Ringcroft (1695) and Cock Lane (1762) rather ominously wound up "trusting that this application will materialise." (R. M. Lang).

A more down-to-earth approach was favoured by Messrs. Doome and Mortimer ("Exorcisors to the Nobility") offering the services of their Mr. Templeton "who specialises in Clerical manifestations" (F. M. Noad); Messrs. Bell, Book and Candle claimed to be "the only firm now in existence that specialises in walled-up Nun cases" (Joyce Johnson), and the Ninth Earl of Cricklewood's line was "free-lance ghost-laying in stately homes" (Mrs. I. R. Wolff).

But let it not be thought that the profession is dominated by long-established firms with an old-fashioned approach; at least some members are in touch with the latest scientific developments. "Super-sensory perception enables me to locate phantoms which cannot even manifest themselves" claimed one (M. Brien); another, styling himself "extra-sensory perceptionist extraordinary," curtly informed his employers that "my referees, the late Messrs. Gurney and Myers will appear to you by teleplasmic hallucination seven minutes from now." (Tom Haggitt) A Psychospectranalyst declared that his purpose was "Adjustment not Exorcism, my aim being to convert every Apparition into an Amenity" (S. Angus).

"Trade Unionism evokes no response from those whose working conditions are fixed from

TEN BOOKS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

WHICH TEN BOOKS, more than any others, have altered the course of world events over the last hundred years?

Write down your list—compare it with a friend's—and despite the differences, certain books will be common to both lists.

The Communist Manifesto for instance, written by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in 1848, has literally changed the course of history for a large section of the world.

But what about Marx's greatest work, CAPITAL? . . . and some of the famous revolutionary pamphlets of Lenin, who put Marx's theories into practice?

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ADDRESS .....

.....

above " wrote Miss Psyche Priceless (F. P. Murdoch), but A. Skene held out for a working day of " midnight to dawn with time-and-a-half before and after " while assuring the council " that our exorcists mates and trainees are fully insured against Acts of the Unseen; including poltergeists."

All those quoted above would have had to be seriously considered, but I am not sure that the Council would not have plumped for this congenially-phrased application:

> The Society for the Sympathetic Dissolution of Spectres is prepared to undertake the demanifestationization of all unwanted spiritual phenomena for a moderate fee. (Alice James).

The following, however, were on *my* short list:

Tom Fann (Valerie Ranzetta)

> . . . I have had fifteen years' experience in the Tower of London, where the work is especially difficult due to the stairs and the adjacent river. I may mention that I have an influential friend on the other side, recently transferred, who assists me in my business, and is utterly reliable. He is unavailable for interviewing.

Thos. Shudder (Edward Blishen)

> . . . Also able to work old-fashioned methods with clergy, Bell, Book and Candle, and to provide own clergyman mate, if required. Would expect danger money if asked to drive own van.

J. Haunterbury Smith (Little Billee)

> Theoretic study of the subject in Hamlet (have learned mole-catching, and to crow like a cock), Ibsen, Le Fanu, James (Henry and Monty), etc.; also taken a course in spectral analysis.

And my final decision would be to engage L. G. Udall, Wilfred Tyldesley and D. A. J. Simpson to share the jol between them, at two guineas each.

Dear Sirs,

I beg to apply for the post of Phantom Operative.

There are two ways of dealing with Ghosts. One, find out what they want and give it to 'em. Two, beat 'em at their own game. The latter works best and is most economic.

I can demonstrate my methods where you please and guarantee to keep the biggest churchyard quiet.

I can show you grateful letters from people relieved of Spooks, Hodmedods, Things, Evil Faces and Hairy Arms (clutching).

I have operated successfully where Councils have rehabilitated old property. I can supply a list of places where happy families live today which were once Prisons, Morgues, Charnel Houses and even Vicarages.

Trusting you will consider my anti-apparition ability.

Yours truly,

B. Anshee.
L. G. Udall

Dear Sirs—

I will be very brief.
" Set a thief to catch a thief "
Is an adage you should heed:
I, a ghost, can meet your need.
Older than she by centuries many,
I can oust her: not a penny
Will be charged upon the rate
To get this nuisance to abate.
But say a simple prayer for me,
That I, at last, at peace may be;
And I'll remain

Yours faithfully
Wilfred Tyldesley

Dear Sir,

As a fully-qualified psychophantasmonecrotherapist, I hereby apply for the post of Phantom Operative to the East Hagridden Urban District Council. I hold a degree in Spectromancy from the University of West Dakota; I am, of course, fully experienced in the routine spectrophantic, hierognomic and eidolotherapeutic techniques, but rely chiefly upon the well-known Katz-Weissenhorn system. Besides the more normal para-normal phenomena—ghosts, vampires, angels, etc.—I have practical experience in handling goblins (hob and otherwise), fiends (foul), hags (blue meagre), and fairies of the mine (swart). Many entities have responded favourably to my treatment; I have no doubt your Visitant will do the same. Yours, etc.,

Hieronymus Mudge.

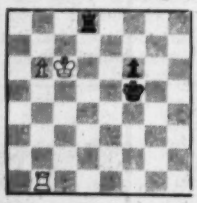
Refs.: Rector of Borley; Castellan of Elsinore.

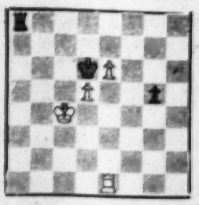
D. A. J. Simpson

The Chess Board

No. 313 Even Grandmasters are Human

" The blunders," (said Tartakower), " are all there; they're just waiting to be made." No one indeed, not even a grandmaster is immune from an occasional fit of " chess blindness "; but while a mere oversight, such as leaving a piece *en prise* or overlooking a mate on the move, is bad enough, it is infinitely more galling to be caught in a blundering treatment of, say, one of those tricky R & P endings. It may be some solace to know that they have caused many a grandmaster's slip, such as in this position where Bogoljubov, (Black against Alekhine in their 1929 match) could have easily drawn by (1) . . . K-K5 (2) P-Kt7, P-B4. (3) P = Q, R x Q. (4) R x R, P-B5, etc. Nor could have White avoided the draw by (2) R-K1 ch, K-B5! (3) P-Kt7, P-B4 etc. Instead, Bogoljubov blundered by (1) . . . K-Kt5?

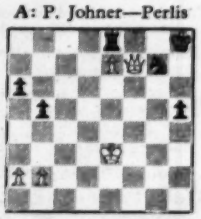




and lost after (2) P-Kt7. P-B4. (3) P = Q, R x Q. (4) R x R, P-B5. (5) K-Q5, P-B6. (6) K-K4, P-B7. (7) R-KB8, K-Kt6. (8) K-K3, etc. Even so consummate a master of endgame technique as Emanuel Lasker was not above blundering in a R & P ending. Playing Black in a game of his 1894 match against Steinitz he reached this position which he ought to have drawn, but didn't. This is what actually happened. (1) K-Q4, R-R5 ch. (2) K-Q3, R-R6 ch? (3) K-K4, P-Kt5. (4) K-B5, R-R1. (5) P-K7, R-K1. (6) K-B6, P-Kt6. (7) K-B7, K-Q2. (8) P-Q6, P-Kt7. (9) R-KKt1, resigns. Now here is—in André Chéron's analysis—how Lasker ought to have played. (2) . . .R-R1! (3) K-K4, R-KB1! (4) R-KKt1, R-B5 ch. (5) K-K3, R-B4! (6) R-Q1, R-B1! (7) K-K4, R-B5 ch, and White can make no headway. He could, of course, try (4) K-Q4, P-Kt5. (5) R-QR1, R-B5 ch. (6) K-K3, R-B4! (7) R-Q1, P-Kt6. (8) K-K4, R-B1. (9) R-QR1, P-Kt7. (10) R-KKt1, R-KKt1. (11) K-B5, R-B1 ch. (12) K-Kt6, R-B7! (13) K-Kt7, K-K2! followed by R-Q7, etc. Nor would White do any better by (10) R-R6 ch, K-B4. (11) R-B6 ch, K-Kt5. (12) P-K7, R-K1. (13) R-KKt6, K-B4. (14) P-Q6, P = Q. (15) R x Q, K x P, etc. No space for a good many other variations which readers will easily work out for themselves.

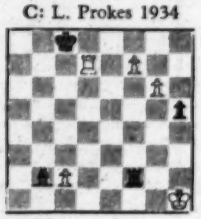
The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position ultimately lost by so experienced a master as Dr. Perlis. How could he have forced Johner's immediate resignation? **B**—White to win—should be none too difficult for 6 ladder-points because the basic idea is obvious and quite familiar to many competitors. But **C**, also a win, is rather subtle and hardly a bargain for 7 points.

A: P. Johner—Perlis



B: Henri Rinck

C: L. Prokes 1934



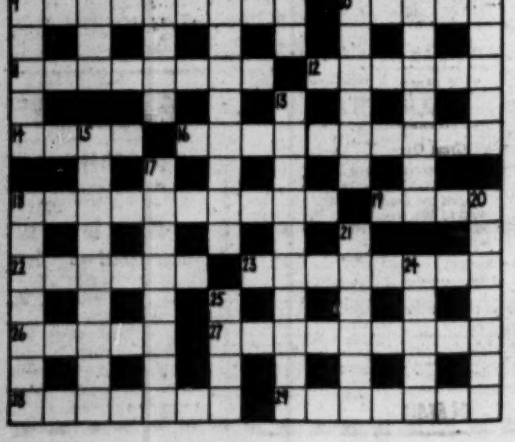
Usual prizes. Entries by October 10.

No space for Competition Report which is held over till next week.

Assiac.

Week-end Crossword No. 172

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 172, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 11.



ACROSS

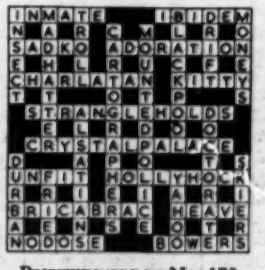
1. Kesselring's poison (7).
5. Dance with a young man; he is a court functionary (7).
9. He carried about a measure for a drug (9).
10. Place of birth (5).
11. Cavalier setback for the people in disorderly riots (8).
12. New aid converted for Indian office (6).
14. Near socialist, by the sound of it (4).
16. Test of opinion in which there is never a tie? (4, 6)
18. Statesman who is finished with the people in the country (10).
19. Back this certainty and you have a chancy means of picking winners (4).
22. Make a name by rewriting the rag (6).
23. Diamond firework (8).
26. Passage for all (5).
27. Carefully considered changing date and time in the first place (9).
28. Stops in tortuous side streets (7).
29. " This island's mine, by —— my mother" (*The Tempest*) (7).

DOWN

1. Caught the beloved in an underworld river (7).
2. Girl friend after society (5).
3. Intensely keen to irritate (6).
4. Hybrid son of the Church? (10)
5. Brought up like an orientalist without the east (4).
6. Knight or knights? (8).
7. The soldiers have to go in thanks to the one who has the biggest share (9).
8. Up the meadow the heather is screaming (7).
13. Creatures which may be broken up into ten penny pieces (10).
15. Disease or disorder I start among the soldiers (9).
17. Father's efforts at cooking? (8).
18. Blindly devoted as I became in the marriage place (7).
20. It seems absurd, but you can have trouble with ten below the perfect score (7).
21. When that which concerns love turns up, it is in the heart (6).
24. Afterwards I'm missing or there would be a martyr (5).
25. Birds from the nature museum (4).

Set-Square

Solution to No. 170



Prizewinners to No. 170

K. Hatherly (Istanbul), J. G. Sant (Pinner), Dr. A. C. Gage-Rolbin (Newmachar).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility: Deputy Headmistress, Eltham Green Secondary School, Queenscroft Road, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster: Mr. R. H. Davies, M.Sc. A new secondary school for about 2,000 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance at present £350 a year but likely to be appreciably increased. There will be provision for academic courses, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and for courses in preparation for advanced studies in catering, commerce and engineering. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Eltham Green) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 7. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. Post of Special Responsibility: Deputy Headmaster, New County Secondary School for Boys at Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.2. Headmaster: Mr. C. Thomas, M.A. A new secondary school for about 2,000 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale with substantial special allowance at present £350 a year but likely to be appreciably increased. There will be provision for academic courses, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and for courses in preparation for advanced studies in Building, Engineering and Commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability, and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (U.T.H.) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 7. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (1522.)

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in English Language. Applicants must possess special qualifications in Old and Middle English and in English Language. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,200 × £A80—£A1,750 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer, £A1,800 × £A70—£A2,150. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 31, 1955.

AUSTRALIA. University of Queensland. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in Public Administration. Applicants should possess high academic qualifications in Government or closely related fields; practical experience in Public Administration is desirable, and evidence of an interest in research and publications will be regarded as important. The salary scale is £A1,500 to £A1,750. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is October 31, 1955.

PERSONNEL Officer. Mullard, Ltd., have a vacancy for a Personnel Officer at their new factory for the mass production of cathode ray tubes at Simonstone, Burnley, Lancs. Candidates should be graduates with specialised training in Personnel Management (one-year course or five-year course), plus at least two years' industrial experience. The successful applicant will act as assistant to the Works Personnel Officer and will deal with employment, consultation and all other aspects of personnel work except training. Starting salary according to age and experience. Assistance with housing is possible. Applications giving full details should be sent in writing to The Chief Personnel Officer, Mullard, Ltd., Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, marked P.O./4.

BRITISH Committee of World University Service invites applications for position of General Secretary, to be responsible for supervising work of organisation in universities and colleges throughout Britain. Full particulars available from W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1. Final date for appls. Oct. 7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Africa High Commission. An Information Officer is required by the East Africa High Commission (BCD 148/88/01). Qualifications: Extensive all-round practical experience in journalism and public relations (not necessarily in East Africa) with proved capacity in senior appointments. Age limits: Between 30 and 45 years of age. Duties: To make more widely known in East Africa and elsewhere the work of the Services and organisations administered by the High Commission, including the Research and Scientific Services but excluding the East African Railways and the Post and Telecommunications Administrations. Details of these services can be seen in the Colonial Office List 1955. Terms of Appointment: On contract for one tour, 30-36 months, in the first instance with fixed salary of £2,200 p.a., plus £162 cost of living allowance. Outfit allowance £30. Gratuity at the rate of 13½% of salary payable on the satisfactory completion of contract. If available partly furnished house provided at a maximum rental of £78 p.a. Free passages. Leave at the rate of 5 days for each completed month of resident service. Income tax at low local rates. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention ref. number BCD 148/88/01.

B.B.C. requires Stage Manager, Television, in Birmingham (men only). Responsibilities on location include cueing artists, distribution and setting of properties, captions, scripts, etc. Duties also include assistance to producers in preparation and execution of all types of television broadcasts. Knowledge of and interest in sport, news, feature documentaries and the theatre required. Up-to-date knowledge of Midland Counties an advantage. Salary £855 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,115 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1259 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer in Bangor. Duties include production or assisting in production of varying types of programmes in Welsh and English, and responsibility under Head of Welsh Music for music programmes in North Wales, auditions and maintaining touch with music-making in the area. Good education, including degree or diploma in music, good microphone voice and ability to speak Welsh required. Appointment in first instance for experimental period of one year at £975 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1260 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologist, Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the appointment of Educational Psychologist in the Child Guidance Service, which includes a Residential Special School for Maladjusted Children and a team of Specialist Remedial Teachers. Candidates should have a Degree in Psychology or its equivalent, teaching experience and experience in child guidance work. Salary in accordance with the authorised scale for Inspectors Organisers and Advisory Officers of Local Education Authorities, Grade II, i.e., Men £915 × £25—£1,115; Women £815 × £20—£965 plus an equal pay increment. Applications should reach the undersigned not later than Monday, October 3, and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

ASSISTANT Staff Controller (female) required at James Beattie, Ltd., Wolverhampton, the largest independent Store in the West Midlands (800-1,000 employees). She will be responsible to the Staff Controller for most aspects of staff management together with responsibility for the administration of the Staff Office. The successful applicant, who should be between 20-25 years, and of good appearance, should preferably have a University degree together with post-graduate training in Personnel Management, or failing this, have had sound practical training in the Staff Office of a similar organisation. Qualities of leadership, integrity and personality considered of greatest importance for this post. Applic. by letter to Staff Controller, James Beattie, Ltd., Wolverhampton.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Male Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the full-time post of Child Care Officer. The person appointed will be mainly concerned with the supervision of adolescent boys, either boarded-out in foster homes, or in Children's Homes and other establishments. He will also be required to undertake a cross-section of the general work of the Department, including preventive work, admission of children, family case work and duties in connection with the Juvenile Court. Salary according to qualifications: £560-£640 per annum, or £465-£545 per annum. The appointment is subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts and to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date October 15, 1955.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women for the appointment of Resident Supervisor at the Children's Reception Hostel, which is organised on modern and progressive lines. Applicants should possess a Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or should have attended a Course in Child Care. Salary, qualified, £425 at age of 23 years, rising to a maximum of £590 per annum; unqualified, £410-£470 per annum. The qualified scale will be paid to persons qualified as for appointment of Housemistress at an Approved School. A charge of £108 per annum will be made for board and lodging. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room will be provided. Pensionable post subject to medical exam. Appl. forms & further information from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date Oct. 15, 1955.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Part-time Lay Psychotherapist reqd. for East Quinton School, Seaford, and Red House School, Tadworth, Surrey. Total six sessions at present but full-time appt. under consideration. Honours degree in psychology or equivalent. Recognised training and/or exper. in therapy; membership of Assn. Child Psychotherapists desirable. Payment £2 2s. p. 3-hr. session, plus travelling exps. Prescribed conditions. Appl. forms from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., S.W.1, returnable by Oct. 14. (Quote R.368 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE National Marriage Guidance Council invites applications from men and women for the appointment of Part-time Regional Tutor, preferably living in or near Birmingham, for the in-service training of voluntary marriage counsellors in the Midlands. Applicants should have experience of marriage counselling or similar work and good qualifications in social science or allied studies. The successful candidate will be required to give the equivalent of one working day per week to these duties; appointment on a yearly basis, salary at the rate of £150 per annum, plus travelling expenses. Application form from Education Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke Street, London, W.1, to be returned within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. (Candidates who replied to the previous advertisement need not submit fresh applications.)

THE Council of Social Service for Stoke-on-Trent and North Staffordshire requires an Assistant Organiser to be (mainly responsible for old people's welfare work. Social Science training and/or experience essential. Salary £350-£400. Application Forms from the Secretary, 36 Cheapside, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WARWICKSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Repairs Assistant (Archives). Applications are invited for the post of Repairs Assistant at the County Record Office, in the office of the Clerk of the Peace and of the County Council. The salary for a fully qualified assistant is on Grade Misc. IV of the National Joint Council Scales (£465 to £545). Duties involve the repair of manuscripts and seals. Experience of bookbinding is desirable. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom appls. should be sent by Oct. 5, 1955. L. Edgar Stephens, Clerk of the Council, Shire Hall, Warwick.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited from clerks (men or women); a knowledge of shorthand and typing is essential; age 20-25; standard of education not less than General Certificate; salary scale £350—£20—£450 and membership of superannuation scheme on appointment to permanent staff. Applications (in duplicate) giving details of age, education and experience should be sent as soon as possible to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Educ., Malet St., W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of Hull. Committee for Education in H.M. Forces. Applications are invited from men and women graduates for the post of Assistant Secretary to the Committee. Salary range £550 by £50 to £700 with superannuation and children's allowances. Further particulars from the Registrar, the University, Hull, to whom applications (six copies) should be sent by October 14.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant required by Royal Institute of Public Administration mainly for recruitment of members and organisation of conferences, lectures and courses. Starting salary within £600-£750. Contributory pension scheme. Apply Director, 76a New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

PART-time, free lance, Assistant Editor wanted for monthly technical journal, covering an exciting field where there are many new developments. Some technical or scientific qualifications would be an advantage, but the essential is good, clear English and an interest in new industrial technique. Good prospects. Write very briefly to Box 9905.

ASSISTANT Wardens required for boys' hostels in London and Cambridge. Some youth club or similar experience necessary. Commencing salary £4 per week, live in, all found. Applications to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

PROFESSIONAL Assoc. reqs. immediately typist-duplicator. 9.30-5, no Sats. Apply A.P.S.W., 1 Park Crescent, W.1.

Appointments Vacant contd. on p. 410.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p. 409

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Staff Tutor in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applicants should have a good honours degree in Economics and an interest in trade union studies and industrial relations. The commencing salary will be determined at an appropriate point on the Lecturers' scale (£650 × £50—£1,350) in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Family allowance and F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne 1. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council for duties in connection with two of the Council's approved schools for boys. The work will mainly involve visiting the boys' homes in London. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates holding approved qualifications—£495 × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750, plus London weighting (£20 at 21, £30 at 26). Particulars and appl. form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1/1546). The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by Oct. 8.

AUSTRALIA. University of Tasmania. The University invites applications for the Chair of Modern Languages which will become vacant at the end of 1956 owing to the retirement of the present occupant. The present salary for Chairs is £A2,500 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is December 31, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Political Science. The salary range will be at least £1,300 to £1,650 (Australian) per annum, with superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is Nov. 15, 1955.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser (temporary staff) for duty in first instance in North Lambeth area. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £472 10s.—£33 15s.—£607 10s., commencing accord. quals. & expce. Applcn. form & details from Div. Medical Officer, Div. 8, 128, Brook Drive, S.E.11. Clos. date Oct. 15.

EMPLOYMENT Officer. A West London engineering company is seeking a man between 32 and 47 who has held similar appointment for some time and has a good personal background. The post is permanent and superannuated. Please give full details and salary required. Box 9900.

ADULT (female) Shorthand-Typist required for Education and Research Department of Trade Union in Westminster District. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 per week, rising to £9 1s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 9956.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social workers, men and women, for the extension of its intensive casework with Problem Families. Resident and non-resident. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London. Further details: 25 St. Mary's Grove, London N.1.

TRADE Union has vacancy on its staff for Editor of its journal; this work to be combined with other duties. The appointment is probationary for six months; pension scheme on permanency. Apply with full particulars of experience, etc., to The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

YOUTH Club Leaders. Primrose Jewish Youth Club, 523 Finchley Road, London, N.W.3. Application invited from Jewish married couple for the posts of Residential Club Leaders—one preferably full time. Self-contained modern top floor flat provided. Salary according to quals. Full details to Hon. Sec., 62 Hodford Road, London, N.W.11.

MATRONS, cooks wanted, schools, Bucks., Surrey, Sussex, Worcs., Lancs., etc. Experienced housekeepers (institutional), London, Surrey. Housekeepers, companions. School secretaries (Derbys., Surrey, etc.). The Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont Street, W.C.1. TERminus 8566.

YOUNG man or woman with art school background to train as all-round assistant to art editor for publishers producing quality books illustrated in colour. Must be willing pull full weight as member of a team & tackle any job, routine or creative. Work includes design, layout and research. Box 37.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TEACHER in nursery care and education wanted for new Training College in Greece. Knowledge of country and language would help but not essential. Wonderful experience for interested person. Salary, Burnham scale plus board and accommodation allowance. Appls. to The Foreign Relief Secretary, Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1. Tel. Sloane 9171.

SMALL but progressive firm of confectionery manufacturers have vacancy for man capable of doing two distinct jobs, one, distribution of goods throughout England, and other, to keep complete stock records. Must have wide knowledge of towns throughout England & also be accurate at figures. Apply in own handwriting with full detls. Box 112.

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ARCHITECT requires intelligent secretary, good organiser, capable of working on own initiative; efficient shorthand/typing essential. Small pleasant city office. Five-day week. Salary £9. CENtral 5766.

TRAVEL Organiser required for London office of Voluntary Society. Interesting work with scope for initiative. Salary £500 p.a. or more, according to experience. International Friendship League, 3 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

EXPERIENCED woman Leader required (full or part-time) for active Church of England Youth Centre in Central London. Apply stating age and qualifications to Box 74.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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SECRETARY (24), sks. interesting position. Experienced, adaptable, travelled, capable car driver. Suggestions welc. Box 9819.

EXPERIENCED and qualified Social Worker, lady, married, 26, requires whole/part-time appointment, London, preferably mental health or deficiency field. Box 9842.

GRADUATE (civil engineer, maths.) seeks part-time work. Box 9845.

YNG. lady, 22, seeks interesting post. 1st class Hons. French, well read, good cultural background, interested theatre, music, art. Suggestions invited. Box 9921.

NO humdrum routine, please. Young lady sks. varied, interesting position. B.Sc. 6 yrs.' hospital laboratory/teaching exp. Willing tackle something new/temporary. Box 46.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker, married woman, 38, car driver, seeks part-time position, London or Kent. Box 41.

INTELLIGENT male, young, seeks civilised job, no rat races. Box 9858.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

AU Pair. English family in country village 26 miles London need girl to help with three young children for one year. Little housework, pocket money, London accessible. Box 8954.

FREE car seat avail. Lond.-Nice (France) for young lady, pref. Cont. & Germ. speak. Start Oct. 4-10. Gentleman & elderly lady travelling. If desired, au pair post for 6 m. Nice could be off'd. RIC. 3256, 9-10 a.m.

SEA-side boarding school premises, preferably South Coast, wanted to rent for summer vacation, 1956. Box 124.

ILLUSTRATOR wanted for English Conversation Book. Good fees. Send one drawing. Box 9950.

DRIVER (m) seeks seat to Spain about Oct. 12. Share exp. GER. 2134 or Box 9976.

AUSTRALIAN, female, 30, medical profession, seeks female companion for cheap trip to Continent in October. Will share car expenses. Box 9855.

FOREIGN girl offered nice warm home, pocket money, for part-time help with light housework. No children. Time for studies. 'Phone WIM. 5728, or write Box 95.

COUPLE mid 20s, talents var. sk. occupation. Vivida, Bryants Moorings, W.4.

RIVIERA, Nice, or near. Wanted, small house, flat, studio-apartment, fully furnished & equipped, Nov.-Dec. to April-May; rent in Sterling. Harris, 23A George Sq., Edinburgh, 8.

PEACEFUL professional youngish couple, active music-art lovers, would pool resources with like-minded couple to acquire house centre London suitable strictly self-contained sharing. Box 9224.

VOLUNTARY Euthanasia. Write for literature and speakers for autumn and winter meetings to the Hon. Secretary, Voluntary Euthanasia Legislation Society, 17 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

FULLY-equipped studio pottery for sale; electric & gas firing. West London, £500 or offer? Box 9751.

COTE D'Azur: Coastal village. Furnished house, sleep 3, £20 monthly, Oct., Nov., Jan. until April. Other accom. avail. State reqs. S.A.E. Hollander, 24 Newman St., W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*cont. from p. 412*

PERSONAL Instruction by Famous Writers at the Writers' Week-end School, Philpots Manor, West Hoathly, Sussex. Guest speakers for November will include L. A. G. Strong and Kenneth Myer (Editor of "The Writer"). Convivial atmosphere in picturesque Tudor manor. (Licensed.) Further details from Hon. Sec. Tel. Sharpthorne 68.

"MODERN British Statesmen." 8 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Oct. 11. Lloyd George (Frank Owen), Balfour (A. P. Ryan), Curzon (Sir Harold Nicolson), Joseph Chamberlain (Julian Amery), Milner (Sir Evelyn Wrench), Baldwin (G. M. Young), Bonar Law (Robert Blake), Some Political Pioneers (Lord Pethick-Lawrence). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Tickets and details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. (WAT 6872.)

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

ADVANCED Case Work Course. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced case-workers, aged preferably 28-45, for Fellowships for full-time training in the Tavistock Clinic (Children's Department). Period of training mid-September, 1956, to end of July, 1957. Further information and application forms obtainable from the Senior Tutor, Advanced Case Work Course, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont St., London, W.1. Closing date for applications March 31, 1956.

"SOCIETY and the Delinquent." Series of six monthly lectures organised by the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency. First one Wednesday, October 19, at 7.30 p.m. at St. George's Hall, Bourdon Street, W.1. John Barron Mays on "Social Aspects of Juvenile Delinquency." Chairman: Rt. Hon. Lord Chorley. Full programme and tickets from Deputy General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W.1.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs. Club Leader's Course—December 2-4, 1955, "Films and Filmstrips." A week-end course on new developments in the field of visual aids, organised in co-operation with the journal on audio-visual education, "Look and Listen." The course will introduce the latest visual aids and give guidance on the most effective way of presenting them to adolescents. For particulars, apply to N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30 Devonshire St., London, W.1.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, October 2, at 10 a.m. when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

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LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

NORBURY area. Large furn. newly dec. all-elec. 5-roomed flat with bthrm., box-rm., sep. W.C., garage if reqd. No yng. chld. or pets. 8gns. p.w. long let. Box 9970.

HIGHGATE, N.6. Large comf. furn. sitting-room, gas-fire & ring, & small dbl. bedrm. Open outlook. 3gns. WAN. 6166.

HOLLAND Park Tube (3 mins.). Well-furnished S/C. 2-roomed flatlet with use of bath. 3gns. Single occupation. Quiet house. Box 55.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. Finchley Rd. Tube & bus. 2 well-furn. newly dec. rooms in Mans. flat with service & breakfast. Prof. or bus. people. HAM. 7258.

LOVELY sunny bedroom, wide river view. Gas fire, ring, use bath/kitchenette, linen. 45 mins. London. 2½gns. p.w. Business woman prefd. Apply: RICHmond 0973.

CHISWICK. Pleasant furn. room with bkfst. Other meals by arrangement. Private house. CHI. 0995.

SUNNY, large, attract, divan-sitter, facing garden, all elect., own basin, h. & c. Occ. meals avail. Shoot-up Hill. GLA. 3554.

CENTRAL, lge. 1 rm. flatlet, pri. bthrm., ckg. fac., suit bus. cple. MAI. 1787.

SUNNY bed-sitting room, 1 or 2 persons, private house, 2 min. Golders Green Stn. Contemp. furn., concealed basin & cooker, use of bath & telephone. HENdon 8479.

ATTRACTIVE double B/S rm., Finchley, ½ hr. Leic. Sq. or Bank. Balcony overlooking garden, concealed basin, ckg. facils., use bath. HIL. 3751.

COMFORTABLE small bedroom, share rest mod. flat, central heating, offered to woman. Linen and china provided. Clapham Park, conv. Westminster/City. 30s. wk. inc. cleaning. TULse Hill 4475 evgs. Box 9949.

CONGENIAL atmosphere; grad. household. Single room, 45s. 6d. HAMpstead 8109.

TO let: well-furnished single bed-sitting room, clean house. HAM. 8698.

TWO newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rms.; C.H., all con., meals opt. Well-connected. 'Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

TO let: large sunny quiet bed-sitting room off Finchley Road, overlooking garden. Well furnished, facilities for writing or study. £4 with breakfast. HAM. 7755.

FURN. accom. overseas students. 2 sharing 35s. each. MAC. 7562. Mr. Wilkes.

COMFORTABLE bed-sit. rm. with basin, H. & C., every conv. Flat 5, Stirling Mans., 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

LGE. furn. bedrm. & sit.-rm. to let. Ckg. facs., use bath, tel. HAM. 3032.

TO let, quiet attract. div.-rm., cookg. fac., lady. £2. CUN. 0742 evngs. after 7 & wkends. (not this Sat. morn.).

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Single B/S for lady. 35s. p.w. incl. MEA. 3613.

LARGE room in Kensington flat. Bkfst., dinner, very good cooking. Use bath, tel. Suit 2 friends. £4 10s. each. Box 105.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

MUSWELL Hill, N.10. Sunny, very large bed-sit., exceptional view, cooker, own meter. Lady only. TUDor 8160.

TO let, Oct. 22. Furn. flatlet. Lge. single div-rm., gas fire & sml. adj. kit. with sink, geyser & ckr. 3 mins. Leytonstone Tube. Lady only. 37s. 6d. p.w. Box 100.

PROFESSIONAL woman offers bed-sitter, use kitchen, bath, 'phone, St. John's Wood flat, 2gns. p.w. Box 101.

MARAZION, Cornwall. Furnished flat. 3 bed, lounge, dining-kitchen. Overlooking Mount. 4gns. weekly. Box 9959.

ADDLESTONE, Surrey. Lge. furn. rms. with bfst. & dinner. 6gns. Freq. trains to Waterloo; near coaches, buses. Suit prof. couples; children welcome. Box 9814.

MARRIED couple with boy 13, seek accommodation, Baby-sitting, Spanish or music lessons, gardening offered in exchange for reduced rent. Box 97.

WANTED, accom. for woman medical student, Mondays-Fridays, within easy reach of the London Hospital. BYFleet 3034.

YNG. prof. couple seek accom. in pleasant house. Sep. kit. Wd. share bath. Will decorate if necessary. Box 34.

BUSINESS girl reqs. congen. furn. accom. with cooking facils., or wd. share flat. Convenient Central London. Box 9820.

ROOM Wntd. (quiet) bet. Regents Pk./Blackfriars by Oxford grad. Box 9873.

STUDENT couple need flat/accom., pref. some space, privacy. Box 61.

STUDENT (m.) 20's sks. quiet home for self and library, reach Holborn. Box 56.

GRAD. cpl. away wk./ends req. well furn. flatlet Nov. 1. Max. 4gns. Hol. or Reg. Pk., Not. Hill areas. Box 9965.

CULTD. cpl. late 30s, no chln. sk. pt./unf. accom. Reas. Miles, WIM. 2482.

2 RESEARCH students (male) seek small, well-furnished flat, near Hampstead/S. Ken./Victoria. Box 9989.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FURN. flat Edgware, suit 2 business people, double bed, living-rooms, kit., use bathroom. 4gns. p.w. Box 9967.

UNFURNISHED 2-room flat. Own bath. Suit business lady. North London, 35s. p.w. Box 9920.

FURN. flat Hamp. dist. to let Oct. 9 mths. 1 lge. 1 med. bedrm., sunny sit. rms., frig. 8gns. p.w. Tel. HAM. 6991, 9 to 10 a.m.

FURN. Flat, Kew Gardens, kit/dining rm., sitting rm., double bed recess, 4½gns. Prospect 7007.

FURNISHED house to let, Finchley. 8gns. p.w. inc., minimum tenure 2 yrs. from Nov. FINchley 1911.

TO Let for Winter months. Charming comf. cottage overlooking Wye Valley. Moderate terms to suitable tenant. Box 118.

TWO small furnished cottages to let, 20s. and 25s. inclusive weekly. Lovely spot in Purbeck Hills, three miles from Swanage. Near buses. Electric light, water, but primitive sanitation. Box 102.

TO let, on sunny South Coast, comf. furnished cottage, sitting-room, kit., bathroom, 2 bedrooms (3 beds), elec. light, gas ckr. & gas fire in both bedrooms, everything for use except linen. 1 min. from sea, shops & buses. Incl. rent 30s. p.w. Period Oct.-April. Box 9557.

GRANGE-in-Borrowdale. To let furnished. Farmhouse, quiet, secluded. 3 minutes bus. Mod. convens. Tel. ORMskirk 3753.

EXCH. mod. 4-rmd. flat, k. bath., grge., N.4, for mod. 2-rmd. flat. BUC. 6961.

DOCTOR/wife urg. require s/c furn./part furn. flat, W./N.W. London.—Box 9951.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

EXCEPTIONALLY pleasant post-war det. house, Welwyn Gdn. City, 3 bdr., garage. Avail. Feb. £3,200. Welwyn Gdn. 876.

FINCHLEY.—Close to shops and station—unusual detached cottage-style property standing in walled garden with drive-in from road. Comprising 3 rooms, kitchen, bathroom and W.C., self-contained flat on first floor and Double Garage, Study and W.C., and 3 storage rooms on ground floor. Whole property redecorated and modernised inside and outside, and situated in attractive surroundings, completely secluded. Price £3,500 Freehold.—Furth. details, McCraith & Brooks, 44 Market Pl., N.W.11. Speedwell 9888.

BUILDING site in lovely secluded castle grounds near Tonbridge. One hour London. All services. 'Phone HADlow 322.

£1,350 Cash or £50 down and £1 13s. 9d. per week, subject to status. Holcombe Cottage, Devil's Elbow, Minchinhampton, Glos.—a substantially built Cotswold Cottage in rural situation, in need of re-decoration. Sitting-room, Living-room, Kitchen with Rayburn cooker; 2 Bedrooms; Attic. Main Electricity. Estate Water Supply. Grounds of about 1 acre. Further particulars apply Davis, Champion and Payne, Estate Agents, 10 Kendrick St., Stroud, Glos. (Tel. 675.)

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—*continued*

LEARNED Societies and others seeking a permanent Freehold Headquarters containing 25 excellent Rooms and Conference Hall can apply for further particulars of an imposing house just South of Hyde Park to the Owners, Box 99.

FOR Sale freehold. On Highgate West Hill, close to Hampstead Heath, with extensive views over London, facing south and west. A recently decorated modern house on two floors in well-stocked garden. 6 bdrms. (5 basins), 3 rec., cloakroom, usual offices, garage, main services. Write Box 9941.

CORNWALL. Frhld. prop. nr. Looe, Fowey. 6 rms., bath., h/c., kit., tel., main water, with 4-rm. cottage. 10 acres. Trout stream. Box 28.

WHERE TO STAY

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House on the old-world Green of this famous seaside village. Sea, cliffs, downs. Hotel with friendly atmosphere, sunny rooms, first-rate food. C.H. & 9gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A really comfortable place to spend the winter. Good food, lovely furniture, and a friendly atmosphere. SHArpthorne 17.

GLOWING Autumn Sunshine & a specially mild climate enjoyed by guests at Normanhurst, the small, friendly hotel for late holidays. 5½-8gns., fully inclusive. Rec. by rdrs. Vegetarian if reqd. Summer attractions during Oct. Illus. brochures. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone: HAStings 4784.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. You can find peace, rest and warmth at the Quaker Guest House, Jordans, Beaconsfield. Ring Jordans 2186.

CORNWALL: In lovely unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing/Boating. Send for Broch. S., Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Fowey 124. Lower rates from Sept. 10.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

EDINBURGH. Accommodation assured or secured. All seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. 'Phone: 31905.

SWITZERLAND, Montreux. Spend winter in sunshine and comfort. Pension from Frs. 16. Particulars: Hotel Régina.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Nicholas School, 39, Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly. October special Labour Party Conference issue includes "Crisis of the Labour Party," by R. P. D.; "Trade Bans Boomerang" (Cmdr. E. P. Young, R.N. Retd.); "Education To-day" (M. Cooke); more unpublished letters of Frederick Engels, etc., 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. 4-yrly. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

WISE Investment follows wise reading. Weigh up prospects by reading the Investors' Chronicle, the best-informed and widest read financial weekly. Two issues free from 56, Grocers' Hall Court, E.C.2.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. Tues. to Fri., 7.45. Sat., 5.30 & 8.30. "The Sheep Well." MARyland 5973.

ARTS. TEM. 3334, 7.30 (ex. M.) St., Sn., 5, 8. "The Burnt Flower-Bed." Mems.

NEW Lindsey. BAY. 2512. Evs. ex. Mon. at 8. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Witch." Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. at 8. The Prisoners of War, by J. R. Ackerley. Mems.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Oct. 2: "The Return of Don Camillo" (U). From Oct. 3: "Les Enfants Du Paradis" (A).

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345. Oct. 2. Viva Zapata (A). Beware My Lovely (X).

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., October 1. Alan Ladd in "Shane" (A). Dir.: George Stevens. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PROGRAMMES of Art Films at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2, on Oct. 2, Oct. 9, Oct. 16, & Oct. 23 at 2.30 & 4 p.m. Oct. 2: "Henry Moore," "Toulouse Lautrec," "The Plough that Broke the Plains."

PRINCES, 2.30, 7.30 (Sun. 4.30, 7.15). Filmed Salzburg Festival perf. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (U) Bkble.

OPERA Circle. Season's first meeting Sun., Oct. 16, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Stanford Robinson introduces Bizet's "Le Docteur Miracle" with Adèle Leigh, Marjorie Westbury, Bruce Boyce, Alexander Young. Nov. 6, Robert Elkin introduces "L'Oca del Cairo," Mozart. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

MAJLIS Mela Indian Fete. Holborn Hall, Oct. 1 & 2, 11-9. Spkrs.: Oct. 1, 7 p.m., H.C. of India, J. B. Priestley, Mortimer Wheeler. Oct. 2, 3 p.m., Symp.: Planning & Recorst. in India. Spkr.: Prof. Mahalanobis.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group, Saturday, October 1, 8-11. Members 3s. and their Guests 5s. Membership invited.

BALL of Nations (Intern. Costume Ball), Oct. 5, Carlton Ballrooms, 140 Maida Vale, W.9. Adv. tickets 5s.; Office "A.C.F.C.," 1028 High Rd., N.20. 'Phone: HIL. 4054.

CONCERTS

BEETHOVEN Sym. 3, Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto 1, Festival Hall, Mon, Oct. 3, at 8. R.P.O., Cond.: Stanley Pope. Soloist: Edna Iles. 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. at Hall (Wat. 3191). Management N. Choveaux.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Organ Recitals. Wednesdays at 5.45. Oct. 5, Ralph Downes; Oct. 12, Marcel Dupré; Oct. 19, Flor Peeters; Oct. 26, Catharine Crozier; Nov. 2, Bedrich Janacek. Full progs. from Hall (WATerloo 3191) & Agts.

CHOPIN Recital by Iso Elinson. 24 Preludes, B flat minor Sonata, &c. Sun., Oct. 9, at 3. Wigmore Hall. From 3s. Wel. 2141. Management N. Choveaux.

"HALKA," famous Polish opera by Moniuszko, long-playing record recital introduced by Richard Gorer, at the Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, Thurs., Oct. 6, 8 p.m. All welcome.

BRUNSWICK Boys Choir: Church music by Verdi, Bach, Schütz and others. Fri., Oct. 7, 7.30 p.m. St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Details from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. (TRA. 7231.)

EXHIBITIONS

AUTUMN Flower Arrangements Exhibition in the Royal Horticultural Society's new Hall, Greycoat Street, London, S.W.1., Friday, October 7 (12 noon to 7 p.m.), Saturday, October 8 (10 a.m. to 5 p.m.). Exhibits, Competitions, Bring & Buy and Christmas card and calendar stalls in aid of the Hospital Wing of The Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution Country Home.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Keith Baynes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CHINESE Prints Exhib.—Collet's Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open till Oct. 29, week-days 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

WALKER'S Gallery, 118 New Bond Street, W.1. The 3rd annual exhibition of the Free Painters Group. October 5-October 25. Daily 10-5. Sats. 10-1. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jean Marchand (1883-1940); Original French Lithographs in Colour; Paintings by George Manchester. Hours 10-6. Sat., 10-1 p.m. Closes Oct. 22.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by Germaine Richier. Private View, Thursday, October 6, at 4 p.m.

GAUGUIN Paintings, Sculpture & Engravings. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till October 26. Week-days 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Gerald Wilde retrospective exhibition (1929-1955). Until October 8. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6, Sat. 10.30-1. Admission 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Recent work by Brenda Chamberlain and Selection from R. D. S. May Collection.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118, New Bond St. Stained Glass by Gordon Webster. Paintings by Anthony Day.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Week days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19, Cork St., W.1. Rect. Sclptre. by Emilio Greco; Fine French paintings, 19th & 20th Century.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Lubarda. 1st Exhibition in England. Leonard Appelbee New Painting. David Smith Water-colours 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by John Bratby, 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

WILTON Gallery, 2 Motcomb St., S.W.1. Frederick Konekamp, Renate Friedlander, Rosamond Jevons, Patricia Russell: Recent works, until October 15; 10-5.30; 10-1.

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection (Second Series). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Oct. 22, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

WILTON Gallery, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. The Cotllwyd Group until October 15.

BOHEMIAN Glass, Tea Centre, 22 Regent St. From Oct. 5. Dly. 10-6. Adm. Free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Adja Yunkers Colour Wood Cuts, Monotypes. Sept. 20-Oct. 11. Daily 10-6 inc. Sats.

SYMON Quinn Gallery, Victoria Lane, Huddersfield. Paintings by Roger Hilton.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Memorial Exhib. Painting & Sculpture by William Ohly; Daily 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

"DESIGN for Sleep." Heal's bedding specialities for individual needs. Extra wide and long beds, firm mattresses, soft mattresses, space-saving beds, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Francois Desnoyer—First major London Exhibition. Opens Oct. 5. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Woodcuts by Jacob Pins. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.

"POWER to Your Elbow." Labour-saving appliances; washing machines, food mixers, polishers, refrigerators, model kitchens, etc. Demonstrations. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PROF. G. D. H. Cole speaks on Socialism & Democratic Control of Industry. World Socialist Movement invites you to Friends' Ho., Euston Rd., Mon., Oct. 3, 7.30.

THE 36th Session of the Friday Club begins on Fri., Oct. 7, at 7.45, with president Charles Kennedy Scott speaking on Handel's "Messiah," with musical illustrations. We cater for all interests. Membership 15s. Apply Secretary, Mrs. M. Kew, at the Club, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8, or S.D., Westbourne Gardens, W.2.

GANDHI Birthday meeting: Sunday, October 2, in the Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, W.C.1, at 8 p.m. Speaker: Francis Watson on "Gandhi and World Peace." Indian songs and music. Adm. free. Org. by The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

"CHRISTIANS and Jews in the Soviet Union." Rev. S. Evans, Councillor A. Woolfe, Rev. Rowland Jones. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., Oct. 3, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., Oct. 2: "Reincarnation—A Universal Teaching."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 1.15 to 2 p.m., in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower St.) Admission free. Oct. 11.—The Vocabulary of Social History, Professor A. Cobban. Oct. 13.—Some Episodes in the Geological History of the Lake District, Dr. J. G. Capewell. Oct. 18.—Palomar Explores the Universe, Dr. R. H. Garstang. Oct. 20.—The Collapse of the Liberal Party, 1918-1924, Mr. I. R. Christie. Oct. 25.—Virgin Births, Dr. Helen Spurway. Oct. 27.—Looking at a Greek Theatre, Mr. E. W. Handley. Nov. 1.—Drugs and Psychological Time, Dr. Hannah Steinberg. Nov. 3.—London Pageants of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Mr. A. Brown. Nov. 8.—Innovations and the Building Industry, Dr. Marian E. A. Bowley. Nov. 10.—Kierkegaard the Writer, Mr. H. A. Koefoed. Nov. 15.—Greek Artists and Their Subject-Matter, Professor C. M. Robertson. Nov. 17.—The Arrangement of Books: A New System of Classification in the College Library, Mr. Kenneth Garside. Nov. 22.—Criticism and Pretended Criticism: An Examination of Some Judgements on Buckle, Dr. G. A. Wells. Nov. 24.—The First Dynasty of Egypt: Recent Discoveries at Sakkara, Professor W. B. Emery. Nov. 29.—Rimbaud Looks at London, Dr. V. P. Underwood. Dec. 1.—Why Bind Books by Hand?, Mr. Sydney M. Cockerell. Dec. 6.—Halifax The Trimmer, Mr. B. D. Greenslade. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1 (s.a.e. required).

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. October 8, 6 p.m. Mr. J. G. Longmuir: "The Beauty of the East" (with coloured slides).

"SCIENCE in China To-day." Prof. Bernal, Prof. Lonsdale, Dr. Needham. Chair.: Dr. H. Joules. Wednesday, Oct. 19, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., unreserved 1s. Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TERminus 2522.

MROSHWALD: "Israel's Plight." Israeli Folk Songs sung by Zimra Ornstt, Sunday, October 2, 6.30, The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8.

BAHAT Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting 8 p.m., Thur., Oct. 6. "The Promise of All Ages."

PERSONALIST Group. Joint discussion social with the Personalist Club. Bruce Wavell on "The Scientific Basis of Religion," 10 Gees Court, opp. Bond St. Underground, Wed., Oct. 5, 7.45 p.m. Charge 2s. including refreshments.

"COMING to terms with Asia." Weekend conference Eastbourne Oct. 21-23. James Cameron, Prof. MacMahon Ball, A. H. C. Harrison, M.P., Reginald Sorensen, M.P. & others. Partics. from Nat. Peace Council, 29 Gt. James St., London, W.C.1.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sunday, Oct. 2, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Joseph Fleming, Peace News Radio Commentator.

DR. P. Senft: Psychology and the Human Crisis. Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11, nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn. Sun., Oct. 2 at 7.15.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Sept. 30, 8 p.m., John Gregory, "Russian and English Ballet." Oct. 3, 8 p.m., M. Dobujinsky, "Recollections." Oct. 7, 8 p.m., A. Halpern, "1917: from February to October."

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. October 6, 8.15. Ill. lecture, "The Shape of Things," by James Laver. Chairman: Hans Juda. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Membership invited.

MARGATE: British-Asian Socialist Fellowship Tea Meeting on Monday, October 10, at 5.15 p.m. Subject: "Israel Today." Speakers: Mr. A. W. J. Greenwood, M.P., and Dr. S. Levenberg (European representative of the Israel Labour Party—Mapai). Chairman: Rt. Hon. K. G. Younger, M.P. Place: Cliftonville Hall, St. Paul's Road, Cliftonville. Tickets price 3s. obtainable in advance from Cyril S. Isaac, B.A.S.F., Transport House, Smith Sq., S.W.1, or at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in Large Hall on Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 7.15 p.m. In conjunction with National Peace Council. Ritchie Calder. "World Power Resources and International Relations—A General Survey." Adm. free. Collection.

NEW Horizons for International Co-operation. Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., "State Help and Self-Help in Underdeveloped Countries." Wed., Oct. 5, 7.30. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

WILLIAM Temple Association. Mr. William Hamling on "Trade Unionism and the Right to Strike." Tues. Oct. 4, Liddon House, 24 South Audley St., W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Sr. Ditella: "Peronism & After." 7.30 p.m. Wed., Oct. 5, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

AFRICAN music, modern and traditional, recording and talk on Sat., Oct. 8, 8 p.m., at 10 Lymington Road, N.W.6 (West Hampstead Tube). Donation 2s. 6d. "New Age" (London) Committee.

H. L. BEALES, M.A., "Minorities in Britain," Oct. 2, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

"OLD Masters as Fashion Plates": illustrated lecture by Stella Mary Pearce, in Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells). Mon., Oct. 3, at 8.15 p.m. Organised by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Non-members 1s.

SRIBA: "A South African Speaks on His Country." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Well Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube Stn., Mon., Oct. 3, at 8.

DONALD Ford: "Humanism—an International Movement," at Sherry's Restaurant (opposite War Memorial), Orpington, Oct. 9 at 7 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on (i) "La Provence dans la Romania; aspects de géographie linguistique comparée", (ii) "L'infiltration germanique dans les langues romanes," and (iii) "Aspects et problèmes d'ethnographie romane" will be given by Professor G. Rohlfs (Munich), at 5.30 p.m. on October 10, 12 and 13, at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission Free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Hatra: The City and its Inscriptions," will be given by Dr. Fuad Safar (Baghdad), at 5.30 p.m. on October 10, 12 and 14, at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission Free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "The Mystical Meaning of the Torah in Kabbalism," will be given by Professor G. Scholem (Jerusalem), at 5.30 p.m. on October 11 and 13, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission Free, without ticket.

BENNETT—Six lectures on "Who Is Man?", based on the teaching and method of Gurdjieff. Conway Hall. Oct. 17 & 24. Nov. 3, 10, 14, 21. Prosp. from Lecture Sec., Coombe Springs, Kingston-on-Thames.

"RUSSIAN Literature." Directed by M. G. Zekulin, Lecturer in Russian Studies, University of Manchester. Weekend November 4 to 6. "Television Today." Directed by Dr. Roger Manvell. Weekend November 25 to 27. Two of the courses in the winter programme—now available. Write to the Warden, Burton Manor Residential College, Burton in Wirral, Cheshire. (J.4074)

RUSSIAN Classes (Beginners, Intermediate, Translators) begin Mon., Oct. 3, 6.45 p.m. Ten weeks session £1 1s. (S.C.R. 10s.) incl. beginners text book. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

THE Mountaineering Association, course of 6 Lectures at Church House, Westminster, on Weds. at 7 during coming winter by notable mountaineers and explorers. Send 1½d. stamp for detailed syllabus to the M.A., 102a Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.

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POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½d.; Foreign 1½d.; Canada 1d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1